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Dream Home

Impression
by a Staff
Artist.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Let's talk of
INTERESTING
PEOPLE

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Pte. A. H. Munchenberg in Palestine to his wife at Paradise, S.A.:

"TO-DAY the band went out to an Arab village about 10 miles away to give them a tune or two just for practice for us. It was quite a big village, about 8000 Arabs."

"Talk about a reception! It must have been the first band that has ever visited their town. The whole town turned out to see us; they were all around us, and in among us; in fact, we could hardly play."

"About half-way up the street the chief, or whatever they call him, took the salute. After going through the village we marched a mile past, to have a spell and smoke. Hundreds of the Arab boys followed us, so we formed a ring and played a few tunes."

"They all sat down around us and while we played a few waltzes two of the old whisky Arabs got up and did some fancy dancing, while all those sitting around were beating time by clapping their hands."

"Talk about a noise! I would have loved you to have seen this display."

"The old chaps hopped about like kangaroos, waving and grinning all the time. One old chap only had one tooth in his mouth."

"After all this was over we marched back through the village and played a few more tunes. I think they must have enjoyed the show, because when we left they threw stones at us!"

Staff Sgt. Frank Wilson with the N.Z.E.F. in the Middle East to Miss Grace Hubbard, Rozelle, N.S.W.:

"We have been sent out to a prisoner of war camp where I was stationed for a while in February."

"Most of the prisoners have moved

on, but one joyfully recognised me, and worming his way out past the guard with the skill of an old hand, promptly established himself as my batman."

"So now the first thing I hear in the morning is the soft thud of a cup of tea by my head in the sand, followed by the brushing of my boots."

"This lad is only 23 years of age, and has already fought through the Spanish War in a submarine."

"He was an architectural student before the war, and by means of signs with a touch of English, French, Italian, and Latin we manage to convey most of our thoughts."

"My pal, Major Burrows, is still in hospital, and I took to him the tin of fruit salad you sent in your parcel. While there, General Freyberg bowed in. He picked up the tin and fondled it most affectionately, and inquired what brand it was."

"So you never know, Grace, who handles the contents of your parcels."

Pte. H. Waddington in Malaya to his younger brother at Howlin St., Bendigo, Vic.:

"THERE are some beautiful monkeys here. I bought a young one for two dollars from a native boy."

"He had the time of his life tipping out my matches and cigs, on the floor. He would sit on my shoulder and pat my hair."

"I left him at the hospital."

"The men orderlies had broken all the thermometers but one, and Jacko grabbed that and climbed up in the rafters."

"We were shivering in our beds until we coaxed him down. Fortunately the thermometer was not broken."

"One payday he was in the line, running up and down the shoulders of the men, when he spotted the bundles of notes. He grabbed them and went for his life."

Winnie the war winner



"Well, I was just trying out a new system of camouflage, Captain."

Mechanic J. McDonald in the Middle East to his mother, Mrs. J. M. McDonald, Turrambarry, via Echuca, Vic.:

"IT seems strange to be writing to you after nearly eight months. You perhaps know we were surrounded and taken prisoners at Kalamatta, Greece, on April 28."

"Fritz made promises in the way of bread and meat. The bread came along, plus weevils, after three days' fast, but no meat. Another camp was a little worse—a bit of salty fish and no drinking water."

"So my mate and I began to plan an escape. We were moved again, 52 men to each cattle truck, a boiling hot day, railway blown up, and we were told to trek 52 miles."

"Going over a mountainous pass we started to play hide and seek with the Germans, aided in every way by the Greeks, who hid us, then even took us on a tram through a German stronghold."

"Then after many weary days and nights in mountains, feet red-ran, my guide urging me on by saying I would soon be with friends. I arrived at a beach where I escaped in an open boat on a rough sea."

"I shall never forget the Greeks. I owe my life to them at least a dozen times."

Gunner Shave in England to his aunt, Mrs. A. W. Storey, Innes Rd., Balgowlah, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE been moved to Wales since writing you last."

"Our mascot, Queenie, is enjoying herself immensely. She is a big sow. We found her when she was a baby, and she now weighs five cwt. at least."

"It seems she likes Wales, as she is going to have a litter."

"No mother was ever better looked after than our Queenie is."

"My friend's wife gave birth to a lovely son a few days ago, and we had a sweep on the time of birth."

"I drew zero hour, that is, 2400 hours. I won, and received 15/-."

"You will think us a crowd of very crude fellows. Well, believe me, we are, but we must have something to argue about and keep our peckers up."

"P.S.: I have opened this letter to tell you that Queenie has done us proud—eleven lovely little piglets, all with curly tails."

Sig. F. C. Deaman in Syria to his wife, Mrs. Linda Deaman, in Merrylands, N.S.W.:

"I VISITED my Arab friends to-day."

"There is a little girl there eight years old, a lovely child. She has the dark skin of the Arab girl, but beautiful brown eyes, nice even teeth and long black hair done up into two pigtails."

"Her name is 'Linda,' so I guess that's one reason why I think she is such a lovely child."

"I gave her a cake of your soap as a little gift, and when I explained that my madam (I showed her your and Ann's photos) was also called Linda, and that you sent the soap, her little face lit up with child-like pleasure."

"Then off she goes and washes herself, hair and all, her three sisters included."

"It must cost the lady there a lot to feed the family—I helped her prepare about four pounds of beans for their tea."

"I bought a tin of pineapple at our canteen to give them."

"They had never seen or tasted it, and it was funny to see them all sitting round trying it."

AIR-MARSHAL A. GARROD
Training pilots

"TRAINING of British pilots at U.S. Army Flying Schools is one of the greatest war-winning efforts to date," declares Air-Marshal A. G. R. Garrod, in charge of R.A.F. training for entire British Empire. Recently inspected six such schools in America.

Deputy-Director of Organisation and Director of Equipment, British Air Ministry, his principal task is to balance output of Empire pilots with R.A.F. training and aircraft production.

MISS SYLVIA DOCKER
Occupational therapy

MISS SYLVIA DOCKER, of Sydney, who has been in charge of the Melbourne clinic conducted by Victorian Society for Crippled Children, has been appointed director of the war emergency course in occupational therapy, Sydney.

Course has been arranged by Australian Physiotherapy Association and will be an addition to the association's normal course.

SIR ARCHIBALD HOWIE
R.A.S. president

RECENTLY elected president of the Royal Agricultural Society of New South Wales, Sir Archibald

Howie, of Sydney, is a prominent breeder of Jersey cattle. Is president of the Australian Jersey Herd Society, Federal Council and New South Wales branch. Owns a leading Jersey stud at his farm, Navua, Richmond, N.S.W., one of the show places of the Commonwealth.

He is a former Lord Mayor of Sydney.

FEET WON'T
LET YOU DOWN
If Rubbed Nightly With
Zam-Buk

WALKING, standing, shopping, and housework . . . these and a score of other duties mean a continual strain for a woman's feet, making them tender, tired, and sore long before the day is done.

You can make sure of sound, healthy feet which will not tire, ache, or give you a moment's trouble if you follow this easy nightly treatment. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed by Zam-Buk. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters, soreness, and chafing are healed, and you can walk and work in real comfort. Start with Zam-Buk now for sound, healthy feet.

1/7 or 3/8 a box.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"Through being on my feet all day, following housework, they soon became swollen, and were easily tired. I began using Zam-Buk, rubbing it in every night and morning. Pain and swelling do not bother me now and I get about with perfect ease."

—Mrs. A. Jackson.

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—Australia's birthday falls on Monday, January 26. The ship in which Governor Phillip arrived here was the *Friendship*—*Endeavour*—*Sirius*—*Supply*.
- 2—You celebrate your silver wedding when you have been married 30 years—20—40—25.
- 3—"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil." So said *Dryden*—*Tennyson*—*Milton*—*Shakespeare*—*Shelley*.
- 4—Whereas the conga is the latest dance craze, the tonga is a Musical instrument—light two-wheeled vehicle used in India—native of the island of Tonga—Zulu war drum.
- 5—"I'm so glad angelinas are in again. I love pears," enthused Mrs. Suburbs, not realising that angelinas are really Grapes—peaches—plums—nectarines—egg tomatoes.

6—Another important anniversary is upon us! January 23, last year, was the date of

The British capture of Tobruk—the sinking of the *Bismarck*—the Italian invasion of Greece—Britain's first raid on Berlin.

7—Longest, please, of these rivers. Volga—Ganges—Niger—Danube—Zambesi.

8—The word "Manufactures" appears on the back of one of our notes. Which one?

Ten shillings—one pound—five pounds—ten pounds.

9—Appropriate music! One of these great works opens with the rhythm of the Victory V. Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture—Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—Mozart's Concerto in G Major.

Answers on page 3!

Humorous Short Story

By Howard Rigsby

BATH-TUB MELODY

JAKE SPEER woke with what he hoped were the rudiments of the tune he wanted running through his head. It was just a bar or two, but after six weeks of inability to compose a bar of music, even that much was something.

He got out of bed humming it as he put on his robe and slippers so that he wouldn't lose it. He knew one thing: he'd never work it out into a good song in a shower-bath. He was glad George Blair had been down and fixed it so he'd have a tub. That, he realised now, was what had been wrong with him ever since he came west.

There were only showers in George's beach house, and up in Hollywood the bathrooms hadn't been right somehow.

Jake sighed, thinking of his old bathroom back on East Fifty-Eighth Street. He hoped George's aunt would have a nice one. "She's got a couple," George had told him. "She won't mind at all."

He threw a big, fluffy towel over his shoulders and let himself out. That would be the house George had pointed to last night, he thought—that charming little white one across the street. The front door was open, revealing a room pleasantly filled with paintings, chintz, and morning sunlight. Jake knocked, hesitated a moment, and then walked in.

He was just supposing the old lady still abed when he saw her. She was seated at breakfast in a windowed alcove, a half-raised coffee cup pointing her surprise. She was grey-haired and quite nice-looking, but undoubtedly startled. Jake hoped she hadn't forgotten about George telling her he'd be over.

"Good morning," he said, looking for a likely exit to the bath. It wouldn't do to get involved in any distracting conversation at this moment of creation.

"Good morning," his temporary hostess replied faintly. "I hope you don't mind my bathing at this unseemly hour," he said hastily. Then, resuming his humming, crossed the room and entered a hallway.

He tried a likely door. It was a bedroom. He had a glimpse of dark hair spread out on a pillow, and a tanned feminine arm. Shutting that door, he tried another, then gasped with pleasure. He was, he realised, standing on the threshold of the nicest little bathroom he had ever seen.

The walls were done in pale yellow and there was a bathtub in cheerful aquamarine, a beautiful, adequate tub, long enough for a tall man to stretch out in.

Entranced, Jake entered, locked the door and turned on the bath. Steam rose, and even as Jake slipped out of his robe he felt the melody bubbling within him.

When the sting was gone from the hot water he lay back and closed his eyes. After ten minutes he began to tap on the edge of the tub. The melody came, and words to fit. Drying himself, he sang the chorus. He was ready for the piano now—quick.

He opened the door, and stepped quickly out.

"Was it a nice bath?" someone asked him as he reached the front door.

Jake turned. The girl was wearing a striped silk housecoat, drinking coffee, dangling one mule on her toes as she watched him. Hers was the long, dark hair he had seen on the pillow. But there was nothing

ing in all this to make him gasp; it was her face, the tilt of the nose, the mouth just so . . .

"You sing so nicely in your bath," she said. "What was that song?"

That song! He couldn't stop now—not even for her. He whirled, stumbled, muttered a curse, and plunged through the door. He cast a slipper as he fled down the path and lost his towel on a picket of the gate.

When Joe Haver phoned from Hollywood that afternoon, Jake, still in his robe, was half-way through, picking it out on George's baby grand, pausing to jot it down when he got it right. He let the phone ring for a long while, then answered savagely.

"Jake?" said Haver. "This is Joe."

"Oh," said Jake. "Hello, Joe. Listen—"

"You listen!" Haver cried. "I want that music! You've been out there six weeks and I haven't got a single note of music from you. You have three numbers to do for me—remember? I must have the first one day after to-morrow."

"You'll have it to-morrow!" Jake shouted, and hung up.

He worked all that night.

At dawn he dressed, rolled up his music and got in his car. He stopped for breakfast on the road, reaching the studio at nine.

He ran through the piece for Joe Haver and George Blair, then spent most of the rest of the day discussing the score with the musical director. It was a real bang of a tune, everybody said.

"The only thing worries me," Joe Haver told him, "is that it took you six weeks to do it, Jake. You got only three weeks left to get out two more tunes."

Jake waved airily. "You don't have to worry," he said. "I'm in the groove."

"How do you like my aunt's bath-tub?" George asked him when the producer had left them.

"It's wonderful!" Jake said. "George, your aunt's bath-tub is simply marvellous!" He became less eulogistic, more casual. "I was just wondering who the girl is that's staying with her."

Please turn
to page 16

"You sing so nicely in your bath," said the girl. "What was that song?"

LANDFALL

THE STORY SO FAR:

A NAVAL Court of Inquiry at which CAPTAIN BURNABY represents the Royal Navy finds FLYING-OFFICER JERRY CHAMBERS guilty of sinking the British submarine, Caranz, through negligence in identifying her. Jerry transfers to the Bomber Command, volunteers for service with the Marine Experimental Unit, and works as test pilot in trials of

PROFESSOR LEGGE'S secret device for sinking ships, glad that this work brings him back near

MONA STEVENS, pretty waitress at the Royal Clarence Hotel, with whom he is in love. But Captain Burnaby is conducting the trials, and when he learns the test pilot's identity he tells

WING-COMMANDER HEWITT that a new pilot must be appointed. But a chance interlude with his wife and son makes him suddenly more tolerant, and he agrees to let Jerry continue in the trials.

Now read on—

THE trials were resumed next day at the appointed time. On Chambers his reprieve had a tonic effect.

He had gone to bed miserable and resentful, planning yet another transfer, this time to a single-seater squadron, which he thought could never, under any circumstances, require liaison with the Royal Navy. At midnight he had

been roused by a batman, who brought him a signal confirming that the trials would proceed as ordered, and that the Navy had agreed to Flying-Officer Chambers as pilot. A great surge of relief came over him and he slept well, with pleasant thoughts of Mona.

In the morning he went straight to the wing-commander's office and heard of the surprising change in Captain Burnaby. He did not understand it, nor did anybody else, but the new atmosphere that it implied was very welcome.

Chambers put all other matters out of his head and concentrated on the work in hand, keen and enthusiastic for the coming trial.

Professor Legge had got the news by telephone about midnight, and he received it with the deepest disappointment. He had spent the evening relieved and rested. His wife had seized upon the respite that a change of pilot was to give him, and had made him take an evening off from work.

They had dined together in the snack-bar of the Royal Clarence Hotel on a grilled steak and a fruit salad; the professor had been able to detach his mind sufficiently from distribution curves to take note of the pretty barmaid serving drinks to the young officers across the bar. From the Royal Clarence they had gone on to a movie, where they had seen a comedy film. For seventy-five minutes all thought of battleships, of electronic influences, and of explosives had been swept from his mind. He had laughed almost continuously throughout the film, and he was better for it.

They had returned to their little flat in Southsea in the blackout happy and amused. Mrs. Legge had persuaded him to go to bed at once in order that he could be really fresh to recommence the work next morning. He had agreed willingly,

and had gone to bed anticipating a long, restful night of sleep.

At midnight the telephone rang, to tell him that the trials would proceed next day according to the programme. He slept very little after that.

At nine o'clock he went on board the trawler in the dockyard, worried and resentful. There were more naval officers than ever this time, by reason of the success of the experiments the previous day.

Legge said to Hewitt: "I thought this trial would be postponed. Is it still Chambers flying the machine, or have you got another pilot?"

Hewitt smiled. "Burnaby took a less extreme attitude after all. So we didn't have to change from Chambers, and the trial could proceed."

The professor laughed shortly. "That's very unfortunate from my point of view. I hoped that we were going to get a bit more time."

The wing-commander nodded. "I had that in mind as well. But I'm afraid it's not panned out that way."

There were three trials to be carried out that day, each with the battleship. Between each trial it was necessary for the aeroplane to go back to the aerodrome for loading up. All day the trawler lay and rolled a mile from the battleship, while a protective screen of three destroyers kept guard seawards on the alert for submarines. Between trials the civilian sat in the wheelhouse, cold and apprehensive and rather sick.

The first trial worked satisfactorily at the first attempt. There was great satisfaction till the machine came out for the second trial, when the device failed to work for three successive runs over the battleship, functioning at the fourth attempt. On the third and last trial it worked at the second attempt.

The trawler went back to har-

Our Magnificent War-time Serial

bor, and the battleship steamed out to sea in the falling dusk, bound for some unknown destination. She had other things to do besides serving as a lay figure for the trials of a secret weapon. No other battleship was to be available for a fortnight; in the meantime trials were to go on with a cruiser.

As the trawler steamed back to harbor, Burnaby held a little conference with Legge and Hewitt in the reeling chart-room. "It works perfectly when it does work," he said. "It's a pity that it isn't more reliable."

Legge said: "That isn't fundamental to it, sir. It can be made reliable as soon as we find out exactly what the forces are to operate it. But at the moment we're trying to do the exploration without records, and with an explosive charge on board the aeroplane."

Burnaby said directly: "Do you feel that we shall not be able to get it ready for service in this way?"

Legge said: "No, I don't feel that. I think this way is far the quickest method of getting it ready for use in war. But I do think that we're taking some appalling risks."

Hewitt said: "We did decide to take them, after a good deal of thought."

The civilian said: "I know. I suppose I'm not used to this sort of thing."

Burnaby said, rather unexpectedly: "None of us is."

It was practically dark when Legge and Hewitt got back to the aerodrome. Chambers was waiting for them there; together they went through the results with him. "The milliammeter went up over thirty-five on the first and third run of trial two," he said, "and on the first of trial three. I switched off each time. I can't see why it didn't work all right the second run of trial two."

Please turn to page 28



Before the horrified eyes of the naval officers, the plane was falling to pieces in the air.

JOHN MILLS

A MATTER OF PERSUASION

Intriguing drama of an attractive woman who assumed the role of Secret Service agent.

By STANLEY JACKSON

WHEN Adolf Hitler began slashing at the map of Europe something like a game of musical chairs developed in His Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

With half the capitals crowded with goose-stepping Nazis there were not enough jobs left to go round. Some of the older diplomats had to retire, while the younger men were squeezed into the Foreign Office or the Ministry of Information. A select few received jobs for which they were specially qualified.

Sir Giles Nugent, erstwhile Minister in ———, belonged to the latter group. He had just celebrated his fiftieth birthday when a squad of Storm-Troopers escorted him and his staff to the station.

He was not unused to changes; his whole career had been a series of steady promotions since his first job in Moscow. Since then he had been in Teheran, Ankara, Cairo, and Athens, always reliable and never making a mistake.

He was highly gratified when the Foreign Office asked him to go out to Jerusalem. Apart from a lifetime of experience in the Levant, he had a gift for languages. He could speak Greek, Arabic, Turkish and Hebrew with equal facility.

While Sir Giles was establishing himself in his new job with his customary quiet efficiency, his wife was thoroughly enjoying herself in Jerusalem. Her vivid personality seemed to merge perfectly with the color and the noise of that polyglot city.

She was ten years younger than her husband and had proved herself a useful partner to him. She had a knack of surrounding herself with influential men of business, and more than once Sir Giles had cause to thank his wife for a valuable introduction.

Men were naturally attracted to her, but—to his sorrow—the only man who really engaged Lady Nugent's attention in any way seriously was Sir Giles' assistant, young Raymond Mayhew. There was, however, nothing of flirtation in her attitude to him—but rather of thwarted mother love.

Raymond, despite a first-class intelligence and a positive genius where codes were concerned, had the misfortune to own the kind of looks which seem to awaken the maternal instincts in women, so that within a short time of her arrival in Jerusalem Lady Nugent had taken upon herself the task of mothering this young man, singling him out specially to act as her companion and escort.

Thus it was that, staggering under the parcels with which she had loaded him one day, Raymond Mayhew cursed the misfortune which had brought him to Jerusalem as Sir Giles' assistant.

For the last fortnight his life had been a whirl of dusty shopping tours and even dustier sightseeing. He had been dragged through hundreds of native bazaars, jostled by villainous-looking Arabs, brow-beaten by Jewish dealers, and made to act as buffer against the legions of bournoused beggars who made for the target presented by this obviously wealthy tourist.

Now he vainly pleaded work as an exemption.

"Giles can spare you perfectly well," Lady Nugent assured him firmly. "Besides, I'm simply fascinated."

Raymond groaned inwardly.

"I'm terribly sorry, Lady Nugent, but I've a hundred things to do at the office."

"You can't leave me stranded among all these—these savages," she said, and he had no choice but to accompany her to a restaurant,

the dream of playing tennis that afternoon fading inexorably from the horizon.

In a few minutes he felt better. The food was really delicious. With a little sigh of satisfaction Lady Nugent welcomed the appearance of the roast duck. Watching her, Raymond could not help admiring the unashamed pleasure with which she tackled her food. It was the same with her dancing; admittedly she danced extremely well, but that was because she really enjoyed it and responded instinctively to the music.

He smiled, comparing her with some of the starched miladies he had so often had to entertain at dinners and official receptions. For the first time he admitted that he felt quite a liking for her; she was so utterly sure of herself, so free from self-consciousness.

She caught his smile and laughed. "Do you know, my dear, that's the first time you've lost that frown."

He smoothed back his hair.

"I'm afraid we've a lot on our hands," he grinned. "Palestine isn't all color and history."

Her eyes filled with tears. "That raid on Tel-Aviv was horrible."

He lapsed into thoughtful silence. At the moment the chief worry of his department was not Italian bombers, but forged banknotes which were being smuggled into Palestine. Benson, the Chief of Police, had tracked down about £50,000 worth, but it was known that there were still numbers of them about.

They chatted on for a while after lunch, then drove back in a taxi.

Outside the hotel they shook hands. A kavass rushed forward to take the parcels, bowing and salaaming.

Raymond told the driver to take him to police headquarters where Sir Giles Nugent and his staff had been given quarters. He was hard at work decoding a big batch of telegrams when his secretary, Eve Franks, came in. She was smallish, and dark. Her ice-blue linen suit set off her sun-tanned skin to perfection.

"Sir Giles wants you to see him as soon as possible," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Franks," smiled Mayhew. He watched her reflectively as she returned his smile and went out. It would be nice to give her dinner one night, he mused. She probably danced like a dream. Abruptly returning to reality, he went to Sir Giles' room.

"Come in, Mayhew," said His Excellency. He turned to the little bald-headed man who was knocking out his pipe into the wastepaper basket. "I think you know Benson?"

Mayhew nodded and the Chief of Police grinned as he slipped a cleaner through the stem of his pipe.

Sir Giles was worried. For a moment he looked helplessly from his assistant to Benson. At last he seemed to have reached a decision.

"You'd better explain this affair to Mayhew," he said uncomfortably. The little man jumped up at once.

"I'm afraid I don't understand riddles, Lady Nugent," said Eve Franks coldly.

"Well, Mr. Mayhew, something very serious has happened," he began. He handed him a small black object, about one inch square. "Know what this is?" he snapped.

"Looks like a micro-camera," replied Mayhew, puzzled.

"It is," said the policeman briskly. "And it's about the deadliest weapon in the business." The young man nodded. Once the spring was released that little camera could photograph any document within range, and nobody but the user would be any the wiser.

Sir Giles frowned. Opening the camera he extracted a tiny negative which he handed to his assistant. "Have a look at that through this glass," he said quietly, passing a magnifying lens. Mayhew did so, and a whistle of dismay passed from his lips.

"Good heavens, sir," he exclaimed. "It's A.4!"

"Exactly," cut in Benson. "Sir Giles tells me that you were at work on a code which would make it difficult for anybody but a British Intelligence officer to break this message."

Mayhew nodded dumbly. He was still shaken by what he had seen through the magnifying glass.



"I found this little bag of tricks this morning when I searched Kiazim's house," Benson was saying. Kiazim was an Arab merchant who had long been known as an Italian agent. Army Intelligence had had their eye on him, but allowed him to send his reports into Syria and Egypt after they were "plugged" with misleading data by their own men.

"So you've nabbed him at last," observed Mayhew.

Benson looked at him squarely. "I found that he was the ring-leader of this dud note business," he grunted. "But I found this camera as well as the printing presses."

Mayhew looked grave. "This is pretty serious," he said slowly. "Have you any idea who's got the photograph of that document?"

His Excellency cleared his throat as he always did when he was angry. "If we knew that we shouldn't be taking up your valuable time," he said tartly. "The fact is that if

we don't find the photograph pretty soon we shall have ruined all our work, apart from endangering thousands of our friends."

Mayhew nodded miserably. He was well aware of the importance of that document. It was nothing more or less than a skeleton scheme for British Intelligence organisation in Syria.

"Now can you tell us who, apart from Sir Giles and yourself, had access to this code message?" the police chief went on.

"Nobody, as far as I know," said Mayhew thoughtfully. "Of course, people were in and out of the room while I was coding it, but only members of the staff."

"Just as I said," commented His Excellency with some satisfaction.

Benson leaned forward. "Could someone on the staff have photographed the document?" he demanded.

Please turn to page 26

OUT OF THE NEST

By
**ELSIE
SINGMASTER**

Story of a
family
crisis



*They bumped
and swayed over
the frozen ground,
Marian's face tense with
overwhelming anxiety.*

"**M**ARIAN! Marian, Owen!" Marian Owen Hobart slackened her swift pace. Who could be calling her by her maiden name, here in the Philadelphia station, so many hundred miles from Maine, where lived all those who had known her when she was Marian Owen?

She frowned uneasily. She had ten minutes to catch her train for Avon, she could wait a few minutes but no longer. Women looked at her, envying her slenderness and the poise of her fair head.

She had been away from home since ten o'clock and it was now four. Helga was looking after Elaine and Helga was as dependable as the sun. She was not afraid that anything would happen to Elaine; it was that she was hungry to see her. She had never been separated from her for a whole day; after even a few hours longing became actual pain.

Her need was partly of the mind, partly of the body; she must put her arms around Elaine and press her close or she could have no peace.

"Marian!" called the voice again. Marian stopped.

The girl who came running towards her was Helen Fiske with whom she had grown up and who had been her room mate at college.

"Helen! It can't be you!" Helen clung, panting, to her arm, a little wide-eyed creature in a fur coat. The ten years which had passed seemed not to have changed her in the least. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes spoke the old adoration for Marian. Words poured from her lips in a flood.

"I've been running miles! I tried to telephone and I couldn't get you. I was in despair. I've been in China for two years, tutoring the children of the American Ambassador. I'm on my way now to Palm Beach—Palm Beach, darling! I have a position with an enormous salary. I couldn't pass so close without seeing you."

Helen still panted. "Can't you stay in town and have dinner with me? I arranged to break my jour-

ney here on purpose. My train goes at eight-thirty. It's such good luck meeting you."

Marian looked towards the steps which descended to the train level. Happy recollections of years of friendship warmed her heart but they could not take her mind from Elaine. "Come out with me—that's the thing to do. Then you can see my little girl."

"But I couldn't do that. There's been a misunderstanding about my reservation, and I'm to be at the ticket office at six-thirty. It wouldn't be safe to leave; travel's very heavy. Do please stay with me!"

Marian began to move towards the train, her arm across Helen's shoulders. "I must get home. My train goes in a few minutes," she explained.

"Couldn't you wait till the next train? There must be many."

"I've been away for hours—since ten o'clock this morning; at the dentist's. My little girl—"

"I haven't seen you since your wedding day." There were tears now in Helen's voice. "Your little girl surely isn't alone!"

"Oh, no." "What time does Phil get home? How is Phil?" "He gets home at seven. He's well."

"If he doesn't get home till seven you can surely stay a little while."

They stood on the lower level. "Here's the train," thought Marian. "I can decide more easily with it in sight. Elaine should certainly be safe with Helga. I could stay in and go out with Phil. I'll call Helga. I'll—she lifted her head with the motion of a frightened hare. "What were you saying, Helen?"

"I said I made myself a nuisance to the telephone operators. I called at least ten times—no answer."

"You mean no one answered? Not my maid?"

"No one."

Marian mounted the lowest step of the train. Her face paled, her lips trembled. "Oh, I can't stay in town, Helen. There's something wrong if no one answered the phone!"

Helen ran down the platform to the conductor standing by the step at the other end of the car. "If I go out to Avon, how soon can I get a train back?"

"In three minutes, Miss."

Helen jumped aboard and came through the car. "I'll go out with you. I'll have plenty of time to do that. Don't look so appalled, Marrie. Mightn't Phil have come home? Mightn't Elaine have gone out with him?"

MARIAN gripped one hand with the other. Her bag slid to the floor and Helen picked it up.

"He had a business engagement. He couldn't possibly get back. And he never takes Elaine out."

"You mean she doesn't ever go out with him?"

"Not without me. I'm always there. If she'd been a boy, it would be different."

"Who has charge of her this afternoon?"

"My maid—Helga."

"Couldn't Helga have taken her for a walk? It's lovely out of doors."

"Why, it was zero this morning!" Helen laughed. "But zero isn't bad, darling, not for people from the State of Maine!"

"I've never been away from her as long as I have to-day."

The train left the subway and ran between rows of suburban houses. It was late February and the sun was still more than an hour above the horizon.

"See the banks of snow in the streets!" cried Marian wildly.

Helen looked at her with concern. "You don't call those snow-banks! How old is Elaine?"

"Almost six."

"Is she a delicate child?" "Not delicate, but she never goes out in such weather. She's too young to be hardened."

Helen frowned, seeing Marian and herself sliding down drifts together at the age of four. "I saw your brother last week."

Marian did not answer.

The train ran between white fields overlaid by a golden sheen. Marian's mind travelled ahead, outdistancing the train. She saw in imagination the row of taxis at the station—a few more minutes and she would be flying up the hill.

Elaine would run to the window as the chauffeur dropped noisily into low gear. Elaine was certainly there; the telephone was out of order, there could be no doubt of that.

"Avon!" called the conductor. Helen took Marian's arm and helped her down. She was shocked to feel the quiver of her muscles.

"Good-bye," she said. "You'll find everything all right, Marian—I know it." She went round the train and stood waiting by the other line.

Usually half a dozen taxis waited at the station—there was none there now. While Marian looked desperately round, the private cars drove away. "I would have asked anybody, whether I knew them or not," she thought. "Anybody! But it's too late."

She did not glance at the train which was carrying Helen away, even to wave at Helen, gazing anxiously from the window. She had forgotten Helen.

She began to run down the street. "A car will come, a delivery truck

—something." But nothing came. "I could go into one of those houses and call for a taxi, but I might lose time."

She forgot that it was she who had selected the site on the hill because there the air was fresh for Elaine, though it was against Phil's judgment. "Why did we ever settle at the top of this mountain? How can I ever get up? I'm panting already."

She threw her head back and looked up at the house. It was a beautiful house, standing under tall oak trees. Phil had worked hard to earn the house; he worked hard to give her and Elaine every comfort.

Marian did not think of Phil, she thought of Elaine. "If she were here she'd be at the window watching for me," she said aloud.

She seized the branches of overhanging bushes to help her up the path, set with broad stones to break the incline. The slope of the drive encircling the property was easier than that of the path, but the path was shorter.

As Marian stepped on the porch she called Elaine. She called a second time before she reached the door. Now her voice broke into a hysterical sob. She stood still, her key inserted in the lock. She could hear no sound from within and from without only the faint shouts of coasters on a hill a half-mile away. Their cheers sounded mocking.

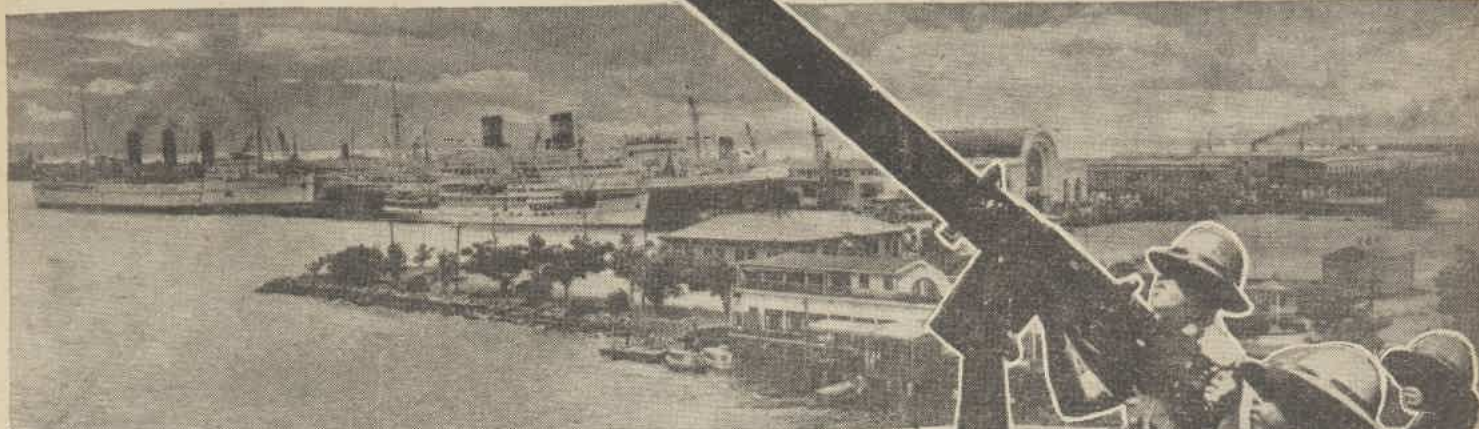
"Be quiet!" she bade them in her mind. "Be quiet!"

When you opened the front door you saw Elaine instantly, painted and framed and hanging above the fireplace. There was a photograph of Phil upstairs on Marian's bureau; there was no picture of Marian anywhere except in the back of Phil's watch—handsome as she was, she did not like to be photographed.

Here at the centre of the house, herself its centre, its heart, its queen, stood Elaine at five, in a white dress, her black curls fairly dancing, her cheeks glowing, her lips smiling. Her mother thought her the most beautiful child ever created.

Please turn to page 30

Manila escape . . . U.S. sailor's vivid story



MANILA HARBOR, whence Able-Seaman Smith escaped after seeing war come to the Philippines.

Breathless drama of the first days of war in the Philippines

By FELIX SMITH

One of the crew of a freighter which perilously ran the Japanese blockade of the Philippines.

I heard the low drone of bombers overhead while lazing in bed contemplating a peaceful four-day leave in the resort town of Baguio, 125 miles from my ship in Manila Bay.

Enrique Albert, my Filipino lawyer friend, jumped to the window, and as he craned his neck towards the sky the hotel shook as if in an earthquake.

"It's target practice," I said, turning over to go back to sleep.

"I am thinking this is no joke," answered Enrique, as he dressed for Mass, for he was Catholic, as are most Filipinos. And it was Monday, December 8—the anniversary of the Immaculate Conception.

In half an hour Enrique was back, bursting with the news. "Hey, Smithy, the Japs. They declare war on the United States!"

"I am worried," said Enrique. "My four children and my wife are in Manila."

He was packing hurriedly. Both he and I knew the implications. With a quick handshake, Enrique ran out the door on his way to some friends who had a car that would get him to Manila, and I walked to the market place to await the afternoon train.

The explosions were the bombing of Camp John Hay half a mile away, the first Jap attack on the Philippines, where 18 soldiers were killed while asleep in their barracks. There were no air-raid sirens, no intercepting planes, no anti-aircraft fire. The people had even cheered the bombers, thinking them to be Americans. It was unexpected and effective, like the deft strike of a rattlesnake.

Filipinos were gathered about store fronts and homes, wherever a radio sounded.

Indian women, in the market place to sell their trinkets, looked puzzled, fingered the brass rings on their forearms nervously, and puffed away at their fat cigars.

Some walked aimlessly about, bewildered, listening occasionally to the radio announcer telling them to keep calm and listen for instructions from the Government.

Young girls wearing blue arm-bands had already taken over the directing of traffic, and Boy Scouts with Red Cross insignia patrolled the streets.

The police had replaced their caps with steel helmets, and were hurrying about looking for Japanese civilians.

I had no sooner returned to the hotel for dinner than I was surprised to see Enrique drive up.

"We have finally hired a car," he shouted. "I advise you to come with us. I got a pass for you from the President. The railroad may be sabotaged with so many Japanese laborers in the hills."

In a few minutes I had checked out of the hotel, and was in the car, being introduced to Peter, a friend of Enrique's. He had been visiting President Quezon, who was in Baguio for his health. I threw my coat on the shelf alongside Peter's six-shooter and carton of bullets

and we sped down the winding mountain pass.

All the bridges were guarded by Filipino soldiers.

"You don't mind," said Enrique, "if we stop at the President's San Fernando home on the way to Manila? We have a message for his wife."

Thirty miles from Baguio we passed Clark Field, the oil tanks still burning from the morning's bombings.

In the small village of San Fernando we saw a truckload of very forlorn Japanese. Natives were crowded about as the soldiers filed them into the rickety gaol.

A few miles past this town the road was guarded by Filipino soldiers with machine-guns, and after displaying the pass we ran up the driveway to President Quezon's residence, a beautiful bamboo house.

Maria Zenaida, President Quezon's younger daughter, was the first to greet us. She must have been 17 years old.

"Oh, I am so happy to see you," she smiled at Peter. "And you, too, Enrique," she laughed, giving each a kiss.

We were led through the garden to a wide-spreading fig tree. An elderly lady was sitting in its cool shade, playing the Chinese game of mah-jong with some of her friends.

She was introduced to me as Mrs. Quezon, and as I took her hand I



FELIX SMITH, American sailor who wrote this account of how war came to the Philippines.

noticed the sad, troubled look on her face.

The President's wife looked questioningly at Peter, who quickly stepped up and told her that her husband was all right, and that the children must be kept at home.

As we neared Manila the highway was crowded with evacuees.

Their horse carriages, piled high with bedding and clothes, and their slow carabao carts choked the road, and army trucks filled with soldiers and equipment honked and twisted their way through as best they could.

On the outskirts of Manila we were stopped and blackout screens were placed over our headlights. This started the slow procession to the city, always barely missing oncoming carts and obstructions.

"Halt," ordered a guard at the dock gate. "Let me see your pass, please."

In the darkness of the blackout, I could see he had his hand on his revolver holster. I approached to give him the pass.

"Stay where you are," he ordered withdrawing his revolver, and taking my pass at arm's length.

As I walked aboard the ship I could see the captain pacing back and forth on the boat-deck.

"We're in a serious position," one of the sailors told me. "There's Japanese islands surrounding the Philippines, and we think we may be interned here for the duration of the war."

The next morning we started painting the housing grey, and at high noon the same menacing drone of bombers was heard.

The Filipino longshoremen dropped everything and ran. A draft of steel was left hanging in mid-air, some winches were left running.

One fellow took off in such a hurry his wide-brimmed straw hat flew off and fell directly between his open-work sandals he had jumped out of.

But our roars of laughter were short-lived because the bombers, 75 of them in two formations, glinted high in the noonday sun as they banked over our ship.

They dropped their bombs from about 20,000 feet. One hit the dock 100 yards away, and a ship was sunk, a bomb landing in an open hold, killing ten longshoremen.

The target seemed to be the Cavite naval base across the bay, and we stood in the doorway, watching the bomb bursts, the noise being drowned by the exploding petrol tanks, their flames licking several hundred feet towards the Japanese bombers.

In twenty minutes the bombers disappeared, and the harbor seemed quiet, save for the put-put of the motor launches bringing the dead and wounded from Cavite.

Laundry trucks, flat waggons, and bakery trucks filed down to the docks to transfer the wounded to hospitals. The hospitals were soon filled, and the rest were placed on canvas cots in air-raid shelters.

That night the wounded were still streaming in, and the nurses and doctors were exhausted.

"If only we had more doctors," they sighed. Many dentists had also been called to help.

Another big raid was expected that night, the fires making a bright beacon for the Japs, so the crew decided to sleep ashore, since the ship was unarmed and no good could be done aboard her.

Every few minutes we could hear a rifle shot somewhere in the city, and an M.P. told us that all the Japs had not been rounded up, and many were hiding in buildings, taking pot-shots at people, and others were resisting the soldiers.

The M.P. said he had picked up an American pilot who had been shot down, and the Japs were diving at him, letting go with their machine-guns as he dangled from his chute.

As the moon got high in the sky we heard the terrifying wail of the air-raid sirens, and we sat in a makeshift air-raid shelter, listening to the intermittent explosions, wondering if we would be next.

Some soldiers told us that Japanese parachute troops had effected a landing on Northern Luzon. We realized then that there were not enough planes or anti-aircraft guns in Luzon.

The enemy planes went with the dawn, and we made our way back to the ship, stopping dead in our tracks each time we were ordered to halt.

After dinner we were resting on the hatch, and one of the sailors said, "These Japs are sun-worshippers. They have a sun on their flag, suns on their aeroplane wings, and they'll attack when the sun is highest. I'm telling you guys it's their religion."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the piercing sirens started again.

Continued on page 26



MANUEL QUEZON, President of the Philippines, and his two charming daughters, Aurora (left) and Zenaida. He also has a son.



AT A HARVEST FESTIVAL. President Quezon and his wife, who is wearing a balintawak or peasant dress.

People I met abroad fell in love with our Dream Home

They all wanted to buy tickets for this house on a hilltop

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who recently returned from Britain and the U.S.A.

Of course, I'm tremendously proud of the Dream Home The Australian Women's Weekly has given to the Red Cross, and, naturally enough, I talked about it a good deal to people whom I met while I was abroad recently.

Everyone loves a home—everyone has a dream home of his or her own—but I really was surprised at the intense interest shown in this home in England and America.

An Australian Dream Home built on Beauty Point, overlooking Sydney's Middle Harbor, does capture the imagination, doesn't it?

AND this home is, in its building, an architect's dream home, in its interior decorating and furnishing an artist's dream home, in its labor-saving equipment a busy mother's dream home.

When I told people this and added that the Red Cross Special Appeals Committee had decided to dispose of it by Art Union with tickets at 1/- each, perhaps it isn't surprising that I could have sold hundreds of books of tickets—in England alone, where homes have been so hardly done by and the dream of home is now doubly dear.

Mrs. Pearl Hyde, whose selfless heroism under bombing earned her the name of Mother of Coventry, thought it was a splendid idea.

"In Coventry the idea of home is very precious," she said. "The Nazis destroyed so many of our houses, but they couldn't destroy our ideals of home. They are beyond reach of bombs. Well, we won't always be homesick. Good luck to whoever wins your Australian Dream Home."

Among others who made requests for tickets was the Countess Beatty, who visited Australia just before the war, and who thinks it one of the loveliest places in the world in which to make a home.

In the East End of London, where Lady Beatty has for many years been a devoted worker, quite a lot of women asked me if they could have a ticket in the home.

In New York, Miss Caroline Bugbee, ace woman reporter of the "Herald-Tribune" staff, was among those who wanted tickets. Mrs.

THE
COUNTESS
BEATTY, who
has worked
devotedly
among the
homes of the
East End of
London.

Paul Winant, wife of the American Ambassador to England, was keenly interested in it.

On the Clippers I was given a list of names including those of American officers en route to Wake Island and Cairo, an Indian Army officer,

and the captain of a yacht outside Noumea.

But no tickets in the Dream Home Art Union are being sold outside Australia. It is the wish of The Australian Women's Weekly and the Red Cross that the home be won by an Australian woman and lived in by an Australian family.

In Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Vogel, whose own charming home is the centre of much gracious hospitality, were charmed with the idea. Bob is head of Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer's International Department and, at once, had a very practical idea about giving the home a helping hand.

He told the story to the famous Hardy family and, next day, Fay Holden ("Ma" Hardy) presented me with an autographed photograph of the family to give to the winner of the home.

More exciting still, Shirley Temple gave me a lovely doll, and Mickey Rooney a set of boxing gloves to be used as other prizes in the Dream Home Art Union.

For, as well as meaning the fulfilment of a dream to the fortunate person who will ultimately own it, this Dream Home has a sound patriotic purpose.

The Red Cross Special Appeals Committee, which is disposing of it by Art Union, is devoting the funds raised by it to the Australian Red Cross Special Appeal for Prisoners of War. This money will help send parcels to every Australian prisoner of war everywhere.

You probably know what a difference the parcels sent by the Red Cross mean to prisoners of war.

I had special evidence of this from Dr. Carlisle Knight, who was a fellow-passenger with me on the boat travelling from Lisbon to New York.

With a staff of four other doctors, Dr. Knight had just completed a Germany-wide investigation of British prisoner-of-war camps. He was acting on behalf of the American Government, which was then the power protecting British interests in Europe.

He and his staff had taken almost a year in the task, and had visited practically every British prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. In some of these, Australian prisoners are now interned.

"They are getting a fair enough deal, considering the general food shortage and the hardships all are enduring," Dr. Knight told me. "BUT, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE RED CROSS PARCEL EACH OF THEM RECEIVES WEEKLY, THEY WOULD NOT GET ENOUGH TO EAT."

"The daily menu is as follows: Breakfast: Dry bread, ersatz coffee.

"Lunch and Tea: Watery stew with scanty meat four times and fish three times weekly, potatoes, one other vegetable, dry bread, ersatz coffee.

"Ersatz coffee," added Dr. Knight, "is abominable stuff, and the fare generally is undernourishing, and the Red Cross parcels are absolutely necessary to supplement it. Even then, it is barely sufficient to keep men going."

Peter said: "Well, I was so delighted I was unhurt that I hurried back to the squadron thinking they couldn't do without me.

"But my enthusiasm was soon damped down. The C.O. said: 'You'll have a bit of reaction. Take a few days' leave.'"

Both boys are now captains of Wellington aircraft.

Allan said: "We were singing a song as we came down. It ran: 'Out of petrol, Out of petrol just now. Where'll we land, where'll we land, where'll be land just now. In the North Sea, in the North Sea, in the North Sea just now.'"

"Then the navigator, who is a Sydney bloke, Bill Maher, sang, 'Get a bearing, get a bearing, get a bearing right now,' and the wireless bloke would give the next verse: 'Set's not working, set's not working, set's not working right now.'"

"It was a raging sea we landed on. 'We sang in that boat, told our life histories, ragged the rear-gunner, who wouldn't send up a prayer because he said he was an agnostic.

"Between bailing, singing, hoping, and praying for the navy to show up in the darkness, we worked to convert the rear-gunner. Finally, just as the destroyer showed up, young Tailend Charlie admitted he was going to church the very next Sunday."

Both of Irish extraction, they humorously dramatised their adventures to each other.

"I left my money, clothes, and a chocolate cake I had given me for Christmas with my friends," said Allan. "Shows you the kind of pals they were. They'd spent the money, eaten the cake, and worn the seal out of my best pants before I'd been missing a few hours.

"I thought with my head bandaged up I'd be a little hero; and that blonde girl in the W.A.A.F. might fall for me.

"But not a bit of it.

"The C.O., rushing past, thrust out an arm to pat my shoulder, halting his steps just long enough to say, 'Good show, old chap. Glad you're back. Have a few days' leave to forget all about it.'"

"And that blonde! Well, she'd teamed up with one of these real heroes who are never survivors—you know, Pete, sort of bloke who does 34 operations, and never turns a hair."

R.A.A.F. pilots' London Reunion

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Two Brisbane boys, Sergeant-Pilot Allan John Weller and Pilot-Officer Peter Hickey, met accidentally in London the other day while both were on leave and discovered each had mourned the other as lost.

ALLAN and Peter went to school together, joined the R.A.A.F. together, went to Canada together, won their wings together, and came to England together. Allan was posted to an R.A.F. bomber squadron, while Peter joined the first Australian heavy bombers' squadron.

Peter had parachuted from his shot-up machine above Salisbury Plain and landed unscathed, though reported lost through the Air Force unofficial "grapevine," whereby word spreads from squadron to squadron.

Allan had landed in the North Sea and was reported lost in the same way, though actually he was picked up by a destroyer.

The dramatic reunion came some weeks later.

"Peter, you old so-and-so, I thought you'd gone weeks ago," said Allan.

"I was just going to write to your mother, Allan," said Peter. "Gee, it's good to see you again."



THIS framed and autographed picture of the famous Hardy family was sent by Fay Holden to the winner of the Dream Home.



MRS. PEARL HYDE, "Mother of Coventry."

Dr. Knight told me, too, that, apart from the vital need for the food in Red Cross parcels, the effect on the morale of prisoners of war of getting parcels is most important.

"A man who gets a parcel weekly feels he is not forgotten, and that cheers him up tremendously," he said.

A young French lieutenant whom I met on the same voyage had escaped from a German prison camp at Nuremberg.

Dreary life

"UNDER the best circumstances," he told me, "life in a prison camp is incredibly dreary and irksome. I was only one of many who risked life in the hope of regaining freedom. I am young and have a lot to live for, but it got so that I preferred death to that existence."

So, when you get your ticket in the Red Cross Dream Home Art Union, you have the satisfaction of knowing that, whether you win anything or not, you are helping some brave prisoner of war who has forfeited his liberty, that we may keep our freedom.

A few weeks ago, our staff artist, Wynne Davies, visited the home, which is now well on the way. He talked with the builder and made a study of the architect's plans, and then he did the painting which we have reproduced on this week's cover.

The picture gives you a good idea of what the completed home will look like.

Tickets are on sale now. For details on how to get them, please turn to page 30.

As beaches become battle stations . . .



AUSTRALIAN militiamen are now at battle stations ready to protect their country. Here a gun crew is ready for action in a camouflaged position.



NOT MANY of these young militiamen did manual work in civil life, but they turn to digging-in with a will as they prepare gun positions at a battle station.



PLENTY OF HARD WORK to be done in the militia, but these two lads take pride in their strength as they haul a heavy gun into its position.



LOOKS like the real thing, this practice of a 25-pounder gun crew. Militiamen, drawn from every walk of life, are eager to take a smack at the Japs, who menace their country's freedom.



THIS JOB was a novelty at first to these boys, but now they're experts at doing their weekly wash in a wayside stream.

Editorial

JANUARY 24, 1942

Pots and pans to fight Japan

WITH a nation-wide appeal for aluminium for planes, Australian housewives have the opportunity to put over as good a job as British women did in the same cause. They coined a slogan, "Turn your saucepans into Spitfires," and a remarkable response resulted in relieving the aluminium shortage facing the British Government.

Australian women can do the same job.

They can carry on the fight from the kitchen by making up their minds to find at least one aluminium pot or pan to be used in aircraft manufacture.

There is no doubt if they are asked by Mr. Curtin to give ONE POT OR ONE PAN the contribution of the housewives of Australia will be a really magnificent one, but it is up to the authorities to give them a plan to follow.

So far they have been asked to give scrap—something they don't want.

That is not the right way to go about it. Let there be a specific request for a contribution—for a slight sacrifice. Women will then rally to the call.

Housewives should also know where to send this metal and be assured that when they have it ready it is collected.

The whole spirit of the scheme calls for quickness. It is up to the authorities to see that it is collected and sent to the mills as soon as possible.

Delays kill enthusiasm. Housewives begin to think that the metal is not wanted and the appeal loses its urgency.

We must coin a slogan ourselves: "Pots and Pans To Fight Japan," and see to it that the essential commodity, aluminium, is found for building our aircraft.

—THE EDITOR.

Lee gun inventor is "handy round the house, too"

R.A.A.F. sergeant can't help making gadgets

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Once upon a time . . . and this is not a fairy story . . . there was a small boy who was always tinkering round with machine tools in the garage of his English home. He also loved reading about the Air Force, and dreamed about joining it.

This week in Melbourne I met Flight-Sergeant Ernest A. Lee, inventor of the Lee automatic riveting gun for use in the construction of metal aeroplanes. He used to be that small boy.

"I INVENT things because I can't help it," said Flight-Sergeant Lee, who is six-feet-two of brains and brawn.

His smile is quick, and the twinkle in his eyes is as pleasant as his quiet, deliberate voice.

"My first invention was a bit too successful," he said.

"I was fifteen, and made a special brake for my bicycle. It was so good that the first time I used it I fell off and fractured my skull . . ."

The twinkle became more pronounced . . . "I've done a bit better since then," he added.

He certainly has.

More efficient, easier to handle, far cheaper to produce, and faster in operation than the imported gun previously used by the R.A.A.F., the Lee invention is now being produced by Air Force trainees at an R.A.A.F. School of Engineering.

By special request of the Canadian Government a specimen is to be sent to Canada.

With almost three years' service in the R.A.A.F., Flight-Sergeant Lee is now working at headquarters in Melbourne. He has flown all over Australia and lives in Footscray with his charming wife and two children, Joan, 16, and Norman, 12.

Theirs is a grand family circle, though it was tragically broken three months ago with the sudden death of fifteen-year-old son Brian.

Born in England, Flight-Sergeant Lee lived for eighteen of his forty years in West Australia, where his parents still reside.

"My husband was trained as a mechanic in England, but he went to a motor body works in Perth as foreman when he was 21," said Mrs. Lee.

"From there he went to other firms, but he always was mad on the Air Force, and decided to enlist three years ago.

"He is so good with machinery that I think it worries him to think that jobs are not being done as quickly as they might be.

"He invented the gun about nine or ten months ago, and it's only one of lots of things he has invented to save labor or make existing equipment more efficient," she said proudly.

"He has given most of them away.

"For instance, when we were in Perth he designed a racing car which we called the 'Silver Bullet.'

"Then there is the 'universal coupling,' a gadget which enables a caravan to be attached quickly and easily to a car.

"My goodness, he is useful when it comes to making things for the house," con-

Son is chip off old block

tinued Mrs. Lee. "Over in Perth he made me a complete set of dining-room furniture of Tasmanian oak, upholstered with tapestry.

"I'm only sorry I didn't bring it with me when we came to make our home in Melbourne," she said.

"Norman is exactly like his father, and is always making things.

"I never have a pin or a needle in the house . . . unless I hide them. I need them myself because I make all my own clothes and those for Joan as well," she said with a smile.

On the dining-room table was the beautiful model plane which Flight-Sergeant Lee has just completed for his son. It is perfect in every detail, though "mother had to do the

sewing on the lining of the wings," confessed Mrs. Lee.

She laughed as she described how the family shares the work in the home.

"I am only allowed to do the housework and cooking," she said.

"Joan and Norman have to do the washing-up, and you can see the roster on the wall which my husband drew up for the children for each day . . . It saves the youngsters from arguing about it . . ."

"We all are bookworms here. Ernie and Norman bury their noses in technical books about planes. I read stories about Oriental countries, and Joan likes humorous novels, so we all have our choice.

"My husband and I are not very fond of going out. It

takes me about two months to work Ernie up to going to the pictures, and then when we do go he mostly wants to come home at half-time to go on with his reading . . ."

"We always say that young Norman knows more about planes than the people who make them. When a plane flies over the house, Norman can tell what type it is, without going out the door to see," said Mrs. Lee.

Just as she spoke, her husband and Joan and Norman all arrived home together, accompanied by Ted, the family dog.

We sat round the table and chatted a while, and I was shown the little wooden models which Norman had carved with the aid of his father's razor blades.



FLIGHT-SERGEANT E. A. LEE, inventor of the Lee riveting gun, with his wife and son and daughter.

£2000 fiction contest

ENTRIES are rolling in for The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 fiction contest.

A prize of £1000 is offered for the best serial, which must be between 70,000 and 90,000 words.

In the five short-story sections—romance, adventure, war, thriller, and humor—a prize of £200 is offered in each section. Stories must be between 3000 and 8000 words.

Entries must be clearly marked for the section intended and wordage given. Address to The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"Hey, will you lend me three shillings?" he asked his father. "There's a beautiful knife in a shop down the street, and I want to buy it."

Flight-Sergeant Lee produced the money, and freckle-faced Norman rushed off to do his shopping. He is working in a chemist's shop during the school holidays.

"That looks as if my razor blades might be left alone," said his father, who, because he likes "tinkering" himself, has every sympathy with his young son, who just longs for the day when he will be able to become an engineer in the Navy or the Air Force.

Before he came to Australia, Flight-Sergeant Lee was a Cameron Highlander, and he has always taken a keen interest in the Army and militia.

Now he has the satisfaction of knowing that his keen brain and capable hands have produced an article which will enable Air Force personnel to do quick repairs on a plane, and which may save hundreds of valuable lives.

It's easy to like the Lees, and to admire them as well . . .

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



WOMEN AT WORK



MRS. BETTY PASCOE sets off for day's work. She is a breadcarter, one of the first in Sydney. On her round she serves 180 customers.

Bakers—drivers—inspectors—chauffeurs— —they're doing men's jobs now

By BETTY NESBIT

"It's a man's job, of course, but I think we can do it just as well." One of the first four women breadcarters in Sydney, a sun-tanned, fair-haired young woman, told me this.

Her words sum up the opinion of women who are daily replacing men in many different kinds of work now that womanpower has become just as important as manpower.

IT was at a city bakery in Elizabeth Street that I found the young women breadcarters.

The manager of the firm, Mr. J. Rohanna, has found it utterly impossible to keep a staff of men. No sooner do they join the staff than they either enlist or are called up.

"The only way of solving the problem of delivering the bread to my customers was to employ women," he said. "I advertised and I had 47 applications the next day."

"That's three weeks ago, and they are still coming in," he added.

"I am extremely pleased with the work the selected four are doing. They are capable, sensible, and conscientious."

"I have decided that every time one of my male employees leaves I will employ a woman in his place." The four women are paid £5/14/- a week... which is a man's wage. Mr. Rohanna believes in equal pay for equal work.

"If they can do a man's job then they are entitled to the same pay as a man," he said emphatically.

"It took quite a long time for me to be persuaded to employ women, but now I am completely sold on the idea," added Mr. Rohanna.

The first breadcarter I spoke to was Mrs. Betty Pascoe, who was just getting down off her cart outside the shop.

She deftly fastened the reins to the wheel to prevent the horse from moving, filled her basket with the unsold bread, and carried it into the shop.

Here the number of loaves was entered in a book, and Mrs. Pascoe handed her cash and book in to the secretary. The money was checked, the bag hung on a hook ready for the morning.

The day's work was done, and the time was 3.30 p.m.

"We usually finish about this time," she said, "and start at seven in the morning, so the hours are not too bad."

"I like this job very much. I like being outdoors as much as possible, and I like moving around and meeting people," she added.

"I have done a lot of work as a waitress, but this is something quite

new. I have ridden a lot, and handled horses ever since I was a kid, so the driving is easy for me. Now home I go."

Before leaving she put on a neat white jacket over a blue jumper with which she wore grey slacks.

Each girl wears a slacksuit as she finds that more comfortable than a frock.

The next to come in was Miss Dorothy Lancaster.

For nine years she worked in the bakery office as a clerk, and jumped at the chance to work outdoors. She drives one of the motor trucks.

"It has taken a little time to learn the route," she told me. "Each girl has to call on 180 customers."

The third is Mrs. Maisie Wickman, of Waverley. Her husband is in the navy, and is serving overseas. She took the job because she felt it was a chance to do work that would release a man for military service.

"I think that every woman without family responsibilities should take on some kind of work," she said.

Business a pleasure

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Marie Patterson, of Rosebery, is the fourth assistant.

She presented a colorful picture in her sky-blue linen overalls, with a bright yellow cotton jumper and a large-brimmed white hat perched on the back of her hair.

She is a country girl from Victoria.

"This job to me is mixing business with pleasure. I love horses, and driving them, so it makes the work very pleasant for me," said Miss Patterson.

At a city car-hire service I met three women employed as drivers.

"Impossible to keep men on the staff owing to the military demand, so we had to engage women," said the manager. "Their work is proving most successful."

"They are engaged under exactly the same conditions as men, and the pay is the same. They work on a commission basis, one-third of the money brought in. When all our cars are operating it is possible to make £8 or £9 a week."

A tall, slender young woman, Miss Gillian Boyd Edkins, daughter of the famous racing driver, is one of the three.



Miss Edkins, who, eighteen months ago, was a mannequin in England for such designers as Victor Stiebel and Schiaparelli, is enjoying her job more than any she has had.

"I love driving, and I really find the work most enjoyable," she said when I interrupted her in her task of adjusting the carburettor of the car she drives.

"Owing to pressure of work we have to do long shifts sometimes, but I don't find it at all tiring."

Miss Edkins has acted as editor of the Reader's Digest for India, Burma, and the East for some time. Her office was in Bombay.

Miss Patricia MacNiven, an N.E.S. ambulance driver, joined the company because she considers it a good way of keeping her driving up to standard.

Miss Betty Shirley, of Wollstonecraft, will shortly commence her duties as chauffeur to Lord and Lady Gowrie.

Miss Shirley is a corporal in the W.A.N.S. and a member of the transport section. She is an experienced driver and mechanic.

"If the war situation gets much worse and more men are called up I think our scheme of having women tellers is one which will have to be



ABOVE: Miss Muriel Kneel is a ticket inspector for a harbor ferry company. She was employed as a result of shortage of men.

LEFT: Miss Gillian Boyd Edkins, once a mannequin for Stiebel and Schiaparelli, drives in a city car-hire service.



ABOVE: Miss Betty Shirley, who will leave shortly for Canberra to take up her duties as chauffeur to Lord Gowrie. She is a member of the W.A.N.S.

LEFT: Miss Marie Patterson, a country girl, adjusts her horse's bridle. She is one of Sydney's four women breadcarters.

extended," said an official of the Commonwealth Savings Bank, commenting on the appointment of two women to act in this capacity.

They are the first two women in Australia to be tellers.

He also said that the women were not yet being paid the same money as men tellers.

Passengers on the Manly ferries recently were surprised to find a young woman wearing an official's cap acting as a ticket inspector.

Miss Muriel Kneel, country girl from Willow Tree, N.S.W., has been given this job by the ferry company.

She is working on shift hours and says she finds the broken time most convenient.



CANTINFLAS (left), idol of Mexican film fans, pays a visit to Hollywood to discuss negotiations with RKO-Radio producer Pare Lorentz for his first American motion picture. Cantinflas might easily be called the "Orson Welles of Mexico," for he is a producer, writer, director, theatre owner, besides being Mexico's top comedian.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

MICKEY ROONEY and his bride **Ava Gardner** are honeymooning at Del Monte, California, and will then fly to Boston to appear in a big Red Cross benefit show.

Their wedding was a simple church ceremony, held at a small village near Santa Barbara—with Mickey a visibly nervous bridegroom.

Ava wore a blue suit, matching hat, and brown accessories. The ring Mickey slipped on her finger is of diamond-studded platinum. Only Mickey's parents, Ava's sister, Beatrice, and two friends were present at the church.



LITTLE SANDY, Universal child star, romps with chubby comedian Lou Costello on set of her new musical "Melody Lane."

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S first wife, English actress **Jill Esmond**, has been signed to a long-term contract by 20th Century-Fox.

MERLE OBERON, who has been very anxious to return to England with husband **Alexander Korda**, has been persuaded that she would do better to remain in America—and carry out a series of tours in aid of the British Red Cross funds.

I HOPE that by the time you read this English film star **Jessie Matthews** may be off the "dangerously ill" list. Her nervous breakdown, which sent her to a Boston hospital last week after the first night of her new American musical play, proved far more serious than was at first supposed.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S plea for a holiday has been granted by Warner Bros. Livvy gets a month's rest—and her role in "The Gay Sisters," in support of **Bette Davis**, is filled by young stage actress **Nancy Coleman**.

You will see Nancy first as **Louise Gordon** in "King's Row," then with **John Garfield** in "Dangerously They Live."

NEWLYWEDS **Ann Sheridan** and **George Brent** have managed a week's honeymoon at the desert resort of Palm Springs—Warner Bros. rearranged their filming schedules to make this possible for the romantic pair.

IN spite of her brave protestations, ill-health has caught up with **Madeline Carroll**. She has withdrawn from the cast of Paramount's "Forest Rangers," and, under doctor's orders, is leaving town for a protracted rest-cure.

GENE TIERNEY and husband **Count Oleg Cassini** are planning a New York trip to have a reunion and reconciliation with Gene's parents. Intimates say that Gene's family are now ready to forget their original objection to the marriage.

★★ MARRIED BACHELOR

(Week's Best Release)
Robert Young, Ruth Hussey.
(MGM.)

THIS frivolous, entertaining farce establishes **Robert Young** and **Ruth Hussey** as an excellent new comedy team. Ruth's lovely talents were shown as the reporter in "Philadelphia Story": this MGM film gives her her best chance since that time.

The story is involved, fresh, and packed with saucy situations. For **Robert**, as an impecunious young man, sells a book on marriage as if he had written it himself—and is published and feted as a daring young bachelor author. Awkwardly, **Robert** is very much married to **Ruth**, whose handling of the big deception, as her husband becomes more and more tangled, makes half the fun of the film. Its enjoyment is strengthened by the grand work of **Felix Bressart** as the real author of the book and **Sheldon Leonard** and **Sam Levene** as two gentlemen of the underworld.—St. James; showing.

★★ INTERNATIONAL LADY

George Brent, Ilona Massey.
(United Artists.)

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE spy melodrama, this entertaining film offers plenty of suspense and action, and beautiful, blonde **Ilona Massey** in the role of a modern **Mata Hari**. **Ilona** is a radio singer in the pay of a sabotage ring planning to cripple the flow of American planes to England.

Two detectives, working indepen-

dently, are on her trail—American G-Man **George Brent**; Scotland Yard ace, **Basil Rathbone**, who, hoping to locate the gang's headquarters, follows her from London to New York.

Ilona, in a series of elaborately glamorous gowns, looks charming. **Brent**, as the Federal agent who combines sleuthing with love-making, is competent, while **Rathbone**, no longer a villain, gives his usual smooth portrayal.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ BILLY THE KID

Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy.
(MGM.)

THIS super-Western is the chance for which **Robert Taylor** is said to have waited five years. For he is an expert horseman, and, as the film shows, very quick on the draw. I hate to say it, but even these qualifications do not make **Bob** an ideal Western hero. He looks picturesque on horseback, and in the film's superb technicolor. But he does not convey any of the character of that Robin Hood outlaw, "Billy the Kid."

The film gets its two stars on the sheer novelty of **Bob's** role—and on the magnificent outdoor locations. I have never seen such Arizona landscapes in such color. The story, which takes **Bob** from the side of the villains to the side of the good men, and ends up with justice done, is faintly familiar to all Western fans. There are some magnificent gallops, grand performances from **Brian Donlevy** as the good man and **Gene Lockhart** as the bad, and a pretty glimpse of **Mary Howard** as the conventional heroine.—St. James; showing.

★ TANKS A MILLION

William Tracy, Elyse Knox.
(United Artists.)

HAL ROACH'S latest comedy production is bolsterous topical farce.

Packed with tumbling slapstick—reminiscent of the old Mack Sennett comedies—the film will generally amuse you, if you're not too hard to please.

While no tanks appear in the film, its story concerns the adventures of an American peacetime soldier, whose extraordinary photographic memory gets him in—and out of—scrapes, one after the other.

William Tracy is the army oddity, **Noah Beery, jun.**, his pal in training camp; **James Gleason**, his fussy colonel; and lovely **Elyse Knox**, his girl friend, who joins the **Buddies Entertainment League**.—Mayfair; showing.

★ BOWERY BLITZKRIEG

Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan.
(Monogram.)

"**EAST SIDE KIDS**," a gang of adolescent screen "toughs"

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

which includes remnants of the former Dead End Kids, squabble and punch their way through a comedy-drama of New York's East Side.

Central figure is **Leo Gorcey**, who leads the street hoodlums by right of might. Sent to reform school, **Leo** suffers a change of heart when kind-hearted policeman **Warren Hull** gets him out on parole. Then **Leo** sets out to win the Police boxing championship.

Humor is by laconic **Huntz Hall**, and there's a fair amount of exciting action.—Capitol; showing.

TWO IN A TAXI

Anita Louise, Russell Hayden.
(Columbia.)

RUSSELL HAYDEN, best known as **Hopalong Cassidy's** young friend in the Paramount Wild West series, is hero of this uninspired little melodrama.

Hayden plays a young taxi-driver, struggling against adversities to pay off the money owing on his taxi. **Anita Louise** is his girl friend, who adds to his woes by walking out on him over an imaginary grievance. The life of taxi-men as depicted in this film in fact seems generally dreary.

Hayden does fairly well in his role, while **Noah Beery, jun.**, scores as his friend, a worker in a garage. **Anita Louise**, too pale and thin, seems rather dispirited.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 5th week.

★★ It Started with Eve. Deanna Durbin, Laughton in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 5th week.

★★ That Night in Rio. Alice Faye, Don Ameche in enchanting musical.—Regent; 4th week.

★★ Love on the Dole. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful social drama.—Embassy; 4th week.

★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 4th week.

★★ Dive Bomber. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray in spectacular aviation drama.—Plaza; 4th week.

★★ In the Navy. Abbott and Costello in bright farce.—State; 4th week.

★★ Skylark. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in sophisticated comedy.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.



BACK IN HOLLYWOOD from New York to make "American Cavalcade," Katharine Hepburn calls on friend, director George Stevens.

The Movie World

January 24, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

13

Barbara O'Connor writes about . . .

Hollywood's Navy wives

IN the past two months several well-known actresses have been cast by life in a new and all-important role—that of Navy wife.

Margaret Sullivan's husband, Leland Hayward, who has for years been an actors' agent, holds a commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve. His call-up for active duty means that he leaves behind not only a wife, but two small daughters and a baby son. The Medical Corps of the Navy is summoning also Dr. Joel Pressman, whose wife is known to all of you as Claudette Colbert.

Actress and dancer Joan Woodbury is proud of husband Henry Wilcoxon, who enlisted nearly two months ago in the coastguard auxiliary. The 12-hour daily guard he undertook immediately proved that Wilcoxon has forgotten his film work for the duration.

These women, and many others like them, have joined the group of Navy wives: Mrs. John Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan), Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mrs. George O'Brien (Marguerite Churchill), and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., who saw their husbands go long before war came to the Pacific. Maureen O'Sullivan's husband joined up with the Canadian Navy in November, 1939. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been on active service with the U.S. Navy since August. Robert Montgomery was first an ambulance driver in France, then Naval Attache to the U.S. Embassy in London, and is now begging for active duty. George O'Brien, last war Navy veteran, rejoined in August, 1941.



• After telling MGM that her just-finished film, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," will be her last for an indefinite time, Maureen O'Sullivan has settled in Canada to be near husband Lt. John Farrow of the Canadian Navy.

[illegible]

FASTEETH, a new, improved powder sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get **FASTEETH** to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

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When she left for an engagement in Florida, he phoned her daily until she said "yes" in 1932. They have two adopted children, Linda

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Now is the time for home defence — kill those insects that can menace the health of your family. Kill them quickly—spray Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is stronger, more effective; it is guaranteed and a little kills the lot.

COLOR CANDIDS...



● Close shave for Gable in MGM's gold-rush drama "Honky-Tonk." Claire Trevor supervises, Veda Ann Borg holds the soap. Absent from the group of beauties is Lana Turner, Gable's co-star in the story.



● Biggest bull-fight sequence in 20th Century-Fox's "Blood and Sand," which has reached Australia, finds matador Tyrone Power in this costume. Production is in technicolor.



● Comedians Lou Costello and Bud Abbott are making one Universal picture after another. Their latest two are "Ride 'Em Cowboy" and "Hold That Ghost." Here the pair show pictorially exactly how they intend to relax when the studio gives them a holiday. As in their films, Lou seems to be having the best of it.

ADVERTISEMENT

OVER THE GARDEN FENCE



Women in Uniform

—with some hints for those on the home front, too!

Don't you think that it's a characteristic of the whole British race that they respond best when appealed to—rather than when they're ordered? I've been especially struck with this during the last few weeks. So many women, as well as men, have cheerfully given up care-free pleasant lives for national service.

Their jobs certainly aren't going to be all beer and skittles! Many of them will be doing un-familiar work—and even in such an everyday matter as washing, I expect they'll come up against new problems. Now I do hope that anyone wanting advice on that subject will write to me. Meanwhile, here are a few pointers.

Uniforms and Blouses

Everyone knows that white cottons should be boiled if at all possible. But if inconvenient, your whites will still keep their snowy look if you wash them in Persil—using one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water. You see, Persil, with its oxygen-charged suds, is extra thorough.

Coloured uniforms and shirt blouses don't really need to go into the copper.



Begin ironing cuffs and collar and all double parts—first on the wrong side, then on the right. When ironing sleeves, first iron round the inside of the armhole seams. Fold as above.

TIGHT CORNERS

1. If you had to send a young child alone on an overnight train journey, how could you ensure her safety and comfort?

ANSWER: Get in touch with the Travellers' Aid Society. There's one in every capital city (except Perth). They arrange to have them met at main stations during the whole journey. On a long trip your little one would be bathed and her meals supervised. There's no charge.

2. Supposing you wish to store a trunk of clothes in a bomb-proof place, "just in case." There's no rate in the country or suburbs to mind it for you. What would you do?

ANSWER: Many of the big removalists have huge concrete storehouses, often in outlying suburbs. Such firms will store a big trunk for about 1/- a week.

Mrs. Holiday says "Au Revoir"

Owing to war-time restrictions on newspaper space, we reluctantly announce that no more of these helpful pages can be issued until happier days. Meanwhile, please remember I am still at your service to help you in any problem connected with washing. Please make a note in your address book: Mrs. Holiday, Box 773H, Melbourne.



FIRST AID FOR ACCESSORIES

Your dress or suit might be last year's or older, but if your accessories are spruce and bright you can still look as if you'd just stepped out of a handbox. Here are some practical tips on how to keep immaculate:

YOUR HATS. Clean soiled white or cream straw hats by rubbing them with a magnesia block and then brushing. If the straw is limp, it can be stiffened and freshly glossed by sponging with the beaten white of an egg.

YOUR SHOES

Suede Shoes. Suede shoes which have become shiny, can be freshened by treating rub marks with a cleansing spirit (you can buy a bottle from most stores). If they do not respond, rub, one way, very lightly with fine emery paper.

Leather Shoes. When leather shoes look shabby, give them a new lease of life by using a spirit dye in the same or a darker colour. First remove grease and shine with a solvent—such as carbon tetrachloride.

YOUR STOCKINGS. Reinforce the heels of stockings before you wear them by weaving mending silk back and forth on the wrong side. And never wear new stockings without soaking them first in lukewarm water. This makes them more stretchy, so helps prevent ladders. Wash stockings after every wearing in warm Persil suds to remove the dirt and perspiration which weaken silk.

YOUR FURS. Furs kept clean will keep their "just out of tissue paper" look much longer. Here's how to do it: Heat some bran in the oven for a few minutes. Rub well into your fur, shake out and it will bring away all grease and dirt.

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Supplies cannot be guaranteed unless ordered before 24th April, 1942.

Bathtub Melody

Continued from page 3

"GIRL?" George said. "What's she look like?"

"Dark hair," said Jake. "Very nice-looking sort of girl."

George seemed puzzled. "It might be my cousin," he said finally. "She lives in Phoenix. She drives out sometimes." He looked thoughtfully at Jake. "She's married," he told him.

"Married!" Jake said. "Oh . . ."

Next morning he woke with only discord in his head. He lay brooding, thinking how unjust it was that after all these years he should find her married. But, he reflected—desperately grasping at any straw in sight—perhaps she was unhappy. Maybe her husband back there in Phoenix was cruel to her. She had left him there, hadn't she? She had come out to the coast alone!

He leaped out of bed. She simply couldn't stay married to anyone else, he decided.

Even if she were happily married, he must explain to her that it was all a mistake. She would have to get a divorce. Why, ever since he had written the music for his first Triangle Show, five years before, she had been his girl. He had fallen asleep with his head on the keyboard one night, and he had dreamed about her; then he'd written that song, "My Girl." That was she. And now that she had become a real live girl in a housecoat she belonged to him.

He absentmindedly took a shower before he left. Then, selecting a towel and putting on George's best beach robe, he went whistling across the street.

As before, the door of the little white house was open. Jake tapped and stepped inside, his glance going directly to the breakfast alcove.

She was there alone, in the silk housecoat. The sun made a nimbus of the curling ends of her dark hair; her blue eyes regarded Jake levelly.

For a moment he was speechless again, his expression rapt and almost unbelieving as he stared at her. Then he said with hearty joviality, "Good morning! Well, I've just come to take another tub in that splendid little tub!"

"I thought that might be it," she said. "Won't you sit down and have some coffee, Mr. . . ."

"Speer," he said. "Jake Speer. I'd be delighted."

He sat down and she poured a cup of coffee for him, her eyes still regarding him steadily. He grinned. "Splendid weather," he said.

"Lovely."

"How's it in Phoenix?" he asked. She set down the coffee pot carefully. Her eyes still held his own with that steady gaze, and it seemed to Jake that, beneath her beautiful tan, she had paled a little.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I really don't know how it is in Phoenix."

He noticed that her hand shook as she passed him the sugar. Then he noticed her ring finger. There was a large diamond there, but she was not wearing a wedding ring. Jake's heart leaped.

"I understand," he said softly, giving her a warm, knowing glance. She let that pass. "Tell me," she said, "why do you bathe here, Mr. Speer?"

"Well," he explained, inching his chair a little closer to her own, "it's a funny thing. A bathtub's the only place I can really relax. When I've got the beginning of a tune in my head I just draw a very hot tub. I get in there and work it out. I could never think of a single note in a shower-bath."

"Oh, I love shower-baths."

"They're all right," Jake agreed. "But not for composing music. A tub is the place for that." He sipped his coffee, then made motions of looking round. "Where's your aunt this morning?"

"My mother?"

"Oh . . ."

"She's gone back to San Francisco. She was just visiting me for a while."

Jake, with a horrid sensation that something had gone wrong, set down his cup. "You are George Blair's cousin, aren't you?" he asked hopefully.

"No," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not."

"Your mother is certainly George's aunt," he said desperately. "Allow me to decide that," she said.

Jake stared at her. "I have a feeling there's been some mistake here."

She smiled at him. "Yes," she said.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

"I'm Jane Mays," she said. "I'm a painter."

"Then you're not married!" he cried.

"No . . ." she admitted. "I'm engaged though." She indicated an open desk. On it Jake saw a picture of a young man with a very positive expression.

"Oh . . ." he said miserably. He stared at her. She was just a dream again now. "I guess I must have come to the wrong house," he muttered, feeling suddenly acutely embarrassed.

"I guess so," she said. "I'm so glad we've got this straightened out. Mother didn't want to leave me down here alone—what with strange men wandering in to bathe."

He got up. "Did you ever hear of a song called 'My Girl'?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"I just wondered," he said. "Well—" He glanced wistfully towards the bathroom. "Isn't there some way I could just go in there sometimes?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It really wouldn't look right, would it, Mr. Speer?" She smiled up at him sweetly, as if he were some kind of lunatic. "I'm flattered that you want to think up your songs in my bathtub, but—"

"Never mind," he interrupted stiffly. "I'm sorry I mentioned it. I'm sorry about everything." He bowed, glared at the picture on the desk, and strode to the door.

"You didn't let the water out of the tub last time, either," she called after him.

He reddened, then went on out.

The next house was indeed similar to the one he had left. A tiny white-haired lady responded to his knock. She looked him over, smiling.

"I know," she said. "You are George's friend, who's come to take a bath."

Jake smiled wanly.

"Come right in," she said. "I've two lovely baths, and you may have your choice of them."

Both baths, Jake found, were of the noisy variety. One was done in old lavender, with vermillion accessories, the other was a nightmare of orange and navy-blue. Faced with a choice, Jake indicated to George's aunt that he would prefer the vermillion-and-old-lavender number.

It was the most unsatisfactory bath he ever remembered taking. When he lay in the tub with his eyes open he could only shudder and when he closed his eyes he saw the girl.

He climbed out of the vermillion horror as barren of melody as when he entered it . . .

After three days of sitting at the piano, biting his nails and brooding, he went to see a real estate agent. "I'd like to look at some nice bath-rooms."

"You want some houses with them?"

"I don't want anything gaudy," Jake said.

The agent drove him around to see some. Jake would enter a house, go directly to the bath, or baths, and walk right out again. They were all wrong. The agent appeared heartily relieved to get rid of Jake.

Jake went home to George's house and put on some swimming trunks.

Please turn to page 17

POUR YOURSELF "Glamour Stockings!"

Australia's smartest socialites are wearing Glaide Liquid Hosiery—because it gives the most flattering legs of all. Be sure you ask for Glaide—and not just any leg lotion. Glaide alone gives that smart "sheer silk stocking" look. Glaide Liquid Hosiery is sold at all chemists, beauty salons, and department stores. Three of the most fashionable shades to choose from.

She thought her frock was white — till she used a PERSIL-WASHED serviette

PERSIL WASHES WHITER because it WASHES CLEANER

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LIMITED P. 146.13WW

HE found a secluded cove and flopped on the sand, staring out at the glistening surf. He wondered if he could think up a tune in the Pacific. Deciding he might as well try, he got up and trudged dourly into it.

If there were only some way to beat it, he thought. It was really a very pleasant decor, what with those fleecy cloud effects, the aquamarine, and that pale sky-blue. It really reminded him of that old bathroom of his back on East Fifty-eighth. Or—somewhat—of her bath. Sings—that's what she certainly was. Unimaginative! He lay on a tilting swell out past the surf and tried not to think about her.

After half an hour he emerged shivering on the lip of a wave. He picked himself up and hummed a bar or two unenthusiastically. He had the beginning of something, but he didn't think it was anything very good. Then he forgot about it entirely. Someone had usurped his cove. She had!

Clothed in a playsuit, she was astraddle a camp stool, daubing at a canvas. A small figure was lying on one of them.

"Like it?" she asked, without looking up from her work.

"No," he said.

She indicated the minute figure of the bather with the tip of her brush. "That's you."

"I still don't like it," he said. "I'd rather be in your bathtub. You don't know what you're doing to me. You don't seem to realise."

She looked up then, wide-eyed; said: "What am I doing to you, Mr. Speer?"

"You're ruining my career."

"Well, I can't help it. You just can't use my bathtub to think up your songs in. What would people say?"

"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "You're a puritan. Full of musty old orthodox scruples! No wonder you don't paint better."

She bent over her work again, dipped some blue from her palette and began daubing out the figure on the wave. "I didn't want to say so," she remarked rather absently, "but I thought that song, 'My Girl,' was one of the dullest numbers I ever heard."

Jake snatched up his towel, laughing bitterly. "I'm beginning to think so myself!" he cried.

He rushed home, sat straight down at the piano, and began picking out the notes. He had got away with worse tunes before, but it wasn't the sort of thing that had got him where he was. He didn't even dare take it up to the studio; he mailed it.

Two days passed, days of utter frustration, then Joe Haver was cooing in his ear again. "We got a tune here in the mail," Joe said

Bathtub Melody

Continued from page 16

sweetly. "Don't you think it's just a little sour, Jake?"

"Well," Jake said, "it's where this chap thinks he's lost the beautiful chorus girl and he's supposed to be sort of sad. It's moody—see?"

"Moody—sure!" Joe screamed.

"But the way you've got it he'll be committing suicide before the end of the picture. So will everybody else. Now, listen—I can get boys a dime a dozen to turn out a dirge like that. That's not what I'm paying you for. You're Jake Speer. And the next one has got to be a

"Why, hello!" he called, pretending to notice her with great surprise. He walked over and took her easel from her. "Let me carry this."

She opened her gate without comment and walked up the path to the porch.

"I was just thinking," he said. "How would you like to go out for cocktails, and some dinner?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Don't be mad at me," he begged her. "I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry I said that about your paint-

"Blue," she said. "Eyes—so blue."

"While I'm taking a bath," he told her, "you ought to go look in a mirror."

He sank his melancholy length in the wonderful tub and sighed with pleasure.

He closed his eyes and began to hum, happily: "In Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu . . ."

After a while he began to sing it. Then he became aware of the disharmony of a loud, angry voice. He stopped, listening. Someone pounded on the door.

"Come out of there!" someone yelled. "Come out or I'll break in the door."

Jake leaped furiously from the tub and put on his robe. He unlocked the door and stepped out. The young man with the positive expression took one horrified look at him, then turned bitterly to Jane Mays.

"I might have known it!" he cried. "Letting you live all alone down here! I suppose this is just some quaint old Bohemian custom!"

Jake, having taken in the delightful situation, made protest. "It really wasn't her fault," he said. "I just wander around, going into strange houses and taking baths."

"Oh, sure! You just dropped in to take a bath!"

Jake nodded innocently.

"Would you please go now," Jane begged him tearfully.

"Well, I was just taking a bath—so help me!" Jake declared.

He sat on the piano bench, pondering deeply. Had she known her fiancé was coming down? If he only knew that, Jake thought, he would know plenty.

After a while he heard the sound of a car starting. The sound came from across the street. He rushed to the window, but was not in time to see if she had driven away in the car with him or not. He looked at the clock. It was noon. He had just two and a half days now to write a smash hit, and he knew that if she had gone away in that car he would never write it.

He went over to the piano and sat down, slumping on the keyboard with his face in his hands.

Presently he heard the door open. He looked up and saw her in the doorway. She smiled and walked directly across the living-room. She had a towel thrown over her shoulders. She vanished into the bath.

After a moment Jake heard the sound of the shower. He sat up and began to play.

It was the old allegro again—even if he was bawling.

(Copyright)



"Yes, Fido's just like one of the family."
"Which one?"

Jake Speer tune—plus! You got what I mean?"

"Sure," Jake said wearily. "I know—the old allegro." He hung up.

He had gone at it all wrong; he could see that now. He should have been nice to her, showered her with attentions, and pretty soon she would have been begging him to use her bathtub.

He waited at the window until he saw her coming up the street from the beach, then strolled casually out to his mailbox.

ing. Having the artistic temperament yourself, you can understand how a fellow gets."

"I understand!" she cried. "I understand perfectly well! You're just trying to be nice to me because you want to use my bathtub. That's all you're thinking about. Why—the first time when you came out of there you didn't even look at me!"

"Oh, no," Jake said. "You're all wrong. I looked at you. Stop! Believe me—"

"Get off my porch!" she cried. Jake left—went across the street to sit wrapped in lonely melancholy while the sun fell splendidly into the sea.

Two funeral days staggered by, and then Joe Haver was on the phone again. "You've got just three more days to write me a smash hit," Haver said very softly. "If you don't do it, Jake, you'll never write a tune for anybody else. You can't let me down. If you don't do it you're through for good—in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Jake wandered glumly over to the piano with the last of this threat running through his mind: " . . . in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Timbuktu—you!

Standing, he played a few chords, sang it. Then he went out into the evening, across the street. No lights were burning in the little white house. He seized the pencil that hung on a chain by the door and wrote hastily on the note pad:

"This is the end! Either I use your tub to-morrow or I am ruined."

"P.S. And it never was just the tub!"

As soon as he woke next morning he opened his front door and looked at the slate tacked up next to it. "Well, all right," was chalked there. "At ten."

When he entered she was sitting in the breakfast alcove in the striped housecoat. She looked at him levelly. "Go right on," she said. "You don't have to bother to stop and talk."

"I can't talk anyway—now that I'm practically a failure," he said. "That is, I can't tell you what I'd like to. I just want to ask you if you remember what color hair that girl in the song, 'My Girl,' had."

"Brown," she said. "Dark brown." "What color eyes?"

For CUTS, BURNS



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the **Cheesebrough Manufacturing Company.**

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for Cutting Corns

Tender corns, tough corns or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to **Frosol-Ice**, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of **Frosol-Ice**, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread out to surrounding healthy tissue. **Frosol-Ice** is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are invading the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicine can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with **Cystex**—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. **Cystex** must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get **Cystex** from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. Now is

Cystex 5 doses 1/10, 4/2, 2/4. GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



"Evening Romance"

Style by Frederick J. Thompson, Sydney Salon

HAIR STAYS PERFECT ALL DAY LONG!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is **damp-setting**—Hollywood's hair secret! A **damp-set** with **VELMOL** is perfect on any hair . . . to keep any hair-style looking its very best—in any conditions. JUST 3 STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush through a few drops of **VELMOL**. 3. Arrange with fingers and comb just as you like it best.

Instantly your wave revives. Hair gleams . . . silky soft, natural looking . . . stays perfectly in order . . . without greasy or "stiff" look. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. Ask for **VELMOL**—from chemist, store or hairdresser.



A modern young miss, full of beauty and charm. Unfortunately met with a bull on a farm— But a judicious sprint Saved a fall imminent— Preserving her "Kayser's" from harm!



TO WEAR **KAYSER** MIRO-KLEER HOSIERY

Kayser stockings give longest possible war-time wear. Choose colours to harmonise with your frocking, including Victory—harmonious neutral beige, Banner—a delicate rose beige, subtly toned with mauve, Loyalty—a versatile golden beige, Shadow—sophisticated greyish beige.

Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now—I insist on KAYSER

FASHION PORTFOLIO

18

The Australian Women's Weekly

January 24, 1942

Wardrobe tonics that cost practically nothing



● Combine several remnants to make a dashing new summer frock. Use finest sheer wool in chamois-yellow for the back and raglan sleeves, add a bib bodice of vivid green, kindle it with a scarlet swathed cummerbund and wear it with a pencil-slim blue skirt.

● Just a yard of red-and-white striped cotton (or any other scrap of bright material) makes a tailored vestee to wear over a number of plain things — odd skirts and blouses, shorts or slacks. (Above.)

● Have you a yard or two of a really luscious print and been wondering what to do with it? Here is one idea: Line a bolero and make a matching sash and bag — it is perfect to revive a rather tired white frock. (Top right.)

● If you are just a little bit short of material to make a blouse, you can eke it out by inserting a large white yoke and Peter Pan collar to match up with the double cuffs.

R. Mac

Another quartet for bright young budgeteers

● It takes only a yard and a quarter of material (for preference a peppy stripe or floral) to run up one of those simple but absurdly flattering shirt-blouses. (Left.)

● Have a matching pinafore-top to combine with fetching pleated shorts and wear it with or without the shirt as the mood takes you. (Above.)

● Enchantingly young pinafore-frock introducing a contrast trimming that can be cleverly done with odd scraps of striped material. Wear it to the beach without a blouse. (Centre.)

● A plaid dress that you are bored with takes a new lease of life when you transform it into a pinafore by cutting out the neck and sleeves. Wear with a contrasting blouse. (Extreme left.)



SPORTY TOGS

to help you
relax . . .

● Gay, do-things-for-you clothes designed for those precious leisure hours.



● Basking on the rocks in a glamorous white jersey sunsuit with strapless, shirred top and a scarf-like drape at the back, which may be worn in an intriguing variety of ways.



● For life on an ocean wave, white sharkskin ballerina shorts are pepped up with a front panel and belt striped in red and white. For further charm, a bare midriff blouse with white back and red-and-white striped front and sleeves.



● Tailored slacksuit of sleek sharkskin in desert-sand beige. The mandarin coat features a high plain neckline and loose dolman sleeves.



● Old-fashioned calico in pioneer style is used in this fetching country dress. The background is olive-green with red and yellow flowers, and the hem is banded with the same pattern on red.

Be Smart

DRESS UP YOUR SHOES

● Shu-milk actually removes the dirt and grease from your shoes (it doesn't just cover up the dirt).

Shu-milk dries quickly and evenly (it cannot cake or harden the shoe material).

Shu-milk gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that makes you really proud of them.

Shu-Milk
cleans all white shoes

6d. & 1/- a bottle

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

HOME DEFENCE

AGAINST FLIES!

Flit is sure death to insects because it is a combination of potent killing agents which cannot be excelled. Flit has undergone the most exhaustive tests and is of known definite killing power. That's why you should always insist on Flit — and refuse all substitutes. Flit spray will not stain, and is harmless to humans. Be sure the soldier is on the bottle.

FLIT
ALWAYS KILLS

New ways with a scarf

• Five enchanting ideas inspired in New York and sketched by Petrov.

1. Take one long silk scarf, brilliantly striped, and wind it round your curls, turban-fashion. Knot at back and let ends trail over shoulder.

2. Glamorise a perfectly plain white sleeveless frock with a couple of bright three-corner scarves draped over the shoulders to form cute sleeves.

3. The blouse and skirt style is fashion-first for evening. Add zest to it by winding a red-and-white spotted sash round the waist and knotting in front.

4. Bring a dash of color to an otherwise unrelieved black frock done in sweater style by spilling an aqua-blue chiffon scarf out of a tiny inset pocket.

5. A white jacket frock achieves new distinction with a red silk cravat at the neckline, with ends cleverly slotted through the front opening.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



177

YOU MAY obtain this ready-to-make jacket in rich crepe-de-chine, sheer white embossed georgette, or sheerest linen from our Needlework Department now.

LOVELY DRESS AND BONNET FOR BABY

IF you want to give something exquisitely fine and lovely to a babe, here's your opportunity.

Look at the picture. Now, isn't it sweet? And note: This dress and bonnet come to you with the pattern traced on crepe-de-chine (white, palest pink and a deeper tone, sky-blue, light saxe-blue, or pastel-green).

You may also have them in a lovely white sheer embossed georgette or in white or pastel-toned sheer linen, as blue, pink, saxe or green.

The dainty little embroidery motifs are traced on to the material. You simply cut out and make up—the veriest amateur could make both frock and bonnet. The embroidery is easy—just satin-stitch, stem-stitch, and french knots.

Here are the prices:

Babes up to 6 months: Frock 8/11, bonnet 3/3; complete set, 11/9. 12 to 18 months: Frock 9/6, bonnet 3/6; complete set, 12/6. Plus 6d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/10 complete for frock and bonnet. Embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra, from our Needlework Department.

THE sweet design shown right is traced on to the material all ready to cut out and make up. Prices are given below.



178

Bed-jacket you can make in a jiffy

ABOVE left you see a very pretty bed-jacket designed especially for summertime, in lustrous but hard-wearing crepe-de-chine.

You have no pattern to bother with, no material to buy. The pattern and embroidery motifs are traced onto the material. All you have to do is cut out and make up.

You may have white, palest pink or a deeper pink, sky-blue or light saxe-blue, gold-dust or soft green crepe-de-chine. Again, you may have the jacket in sheer white embossed georgette. Also in white blue, lemon, pink, saxe-blue or green sheer linen.

Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, price 9/11; 36 and 38-inch bust, price 10/11. Plus 6d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/7; embroidery transfer, 1/6 extra. Send to our Needlework Department for this enchanting affair now.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4097, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4086W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



PAIN
THAT WAS
TORTURE
SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE— and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off."

On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special actavin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort... absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." Try Myzone with your very next "pain."



HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklets posted free on request.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

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SURFER'S FOOT



thrive in hot steaming feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and gummy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

In severe cases see your doctor.

IODEX
NO STAIN IODINE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 2/1.



Always look for the name

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ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

Fashion PATTERNS

F2214.—Dainty full-skirted frock for child 1 to 4 years. Requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F2215.—Boy's romper suit with patch pockets. 1 to 4 years. Requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F2216.—Pretty slip that fits superbly. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. 36ins. wide, 1½yds. narrow lace. Pattern, 1/4.

F3009.—Pyjama suit with soft fullness over the bustline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2846.—Smart coat designed on princess lines. 32 to 44 bust. Requires 2½yds. 54ins. wide, or 4yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1750.—Chic afternoon frock with full skirt and smart gathering. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3169.—Charming day frock for smart young things. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., and ½yd. contrast. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

THREE SMART DAY FROCKS

- No. 1 requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 3½yds., ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra.
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only. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

Now is the time for Aquarians—people so complex of nature that they seldom understand themselves.

BETWEEN January 20 and February 19 the zodiacal sign Aquarius dominates the heavens. In turn Aquarius is governed by two of the major planets, Saturn and Uranus, whose radiations bring an element of the unusual and unpredictable into the character and life events of those born under their joint sway.

Consequently Aquarians are not easy people to understand. One moment they may be "up in the air," full of bright ideas and good cheer; the next they can be moody, fearful, irritable, unresponsive and dogmatic.

Wise Aquarians will diligently cultivate only the best side of themselves. In this way they will encourage good fortune. On the other hand, moody, unreliable, unlovable members of the sign seem to attract only failure, unhappiness, discouragement or unpopularity.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A modestly desirable time can be enjoyed by most Arians now, but avoid over-confidence. January 20 (around noon), January 24 (near dusk), and January 25 (near 8 a.m.) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be on guard against difficulties, worries, and the element of delay in all you do now. They can cause upsets, especially on January 21 (around midnight), January 26 (p.m.), January 27 (very early and around noon). Let new ventures or changes wait. Dodge arguments and misunderstandings or deception.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Better times ahead for most Geminians, so plan wisely and work diligently. Improvements may start, or opportunities occur, on January 26 (near noon or late in the evening), January 21 (before sunrise), January 24 (around dusk), and January 25 (near 8 a.m.). January 26 (before noon) can be helpful, too. Be cautious around midnight on January 22 and 23.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Things improve slightly now, so cheer up and forget recent difficulties or losses. Avoid over-confidence and get routine tasks in hand so that you can begin to plan for the better times coming soon. Meanwhile, January 22 (near noon) and January 23 (dusk) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): You'll be on the wrong side of things this week unless you are cautious, patient, and able to avoid changes, losses, and quarrels or opposition. This is particularly so on January 21 (worst around midnight), January 26 (p.m.), January 27 (very early and near noon), and perhaps January 20.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspecular for most Virgians now. A good time to concentrate on routine tasks or on completing or improving modestly those gains previously made. January 22 and 23 (around midnight) poor.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Get busy and seek desired changes, promotion, gains, new happiness or other improvements. Your chances of success are rather good. Make full use of January 20 (around noon) and January 21 (daylight hours). Be cautious on January 24 (early) and January 27.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You can get yourselves into difficulties at this time, Scorpions. Observe all caution and keep to routine tasks, especially on January 21 (worst around midnight), January 26 (late), and January 27 (early and midday).

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Quite fair for most Sagittarians on January 24 (near dusk), January 25 (from 8 to 10 a.m.), and January 26. Keep busy, but don't attempt the impossible.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Recent improvements may bring a few more desirable reactions now, but otherwise concentrate on constructive routine. January 27 has elements of help, but also of over-confidence, arguments, and accidents, so be cautious. January 22 (noon) and January 23 (dusk) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Keep busy now. Opportunities and benefits can be achieved, particularly on January 20 (around noon), balance very fair. January 21 fair, too. January 24 (around 8 a.m. and around dusk) and January 25 (to dusk) good.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Plan for the near future by getting all your affairs adjusted now. Avoid all changes. January 22 (around noon) fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with assisting
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is assisting
MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, to destroy the Octopus Ring, a gang of spies who are stealing government aeroplane plans. Mandrake sends for
PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, but she is trapped by the spies and imprisoned in their

headquarters. Mandrake comes to her aid, but finds himself in a room with the mysterious leader of the gang, who sits in a chair, his face hidden from sight. He threatens to kill Narda unless Mandrake joins the gang; the magician unwillingly agrees. He is then introduced to **SONYA:** A member of the spy ring. She confesses that no one has seen the leader. **NOW READ ON.**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d



"I'M THE ONE
THAT STARTED
THIS FAMILY
ON PALMOLIVE!"

No wonder all the family take
to **PALMOLIVE!** It's made with the

Costliest Oils!

Wise mothers know that soap for baby must be gentle, yet effective, so they choose Palmolive, with its costliest blend of olive and palm oils. For the same reason Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive as the exclusive soap of the famous Dionne Quintuplets. All the family realise that the soap that keeps baby's skin so fine and smooth is good for their skin too. Dad gloats over the thick rich lather that makes his morning shower so refreshing and baby's big sister knows that Palmolive's cleansing lather will keep her "schoolgirl complexion" all over. Look for the natural oil colour that comes from olive and palm oils . . . nothing else! Palmolive—the perfect all-family soap—with its costliest oil blend is right for every type of skin.

**LOOK FOR THE
NATURAL OLIVE
OIL COLOUR . . .**



Mother knows what
Palmolive's Costliest Oils
mean to Skin Care!



Palmolive's Costliest Oils
make Dad's shower fun,
and efficient, too!



Jane says: "Palmolive's
Costliest Oils for that
Schoolgirl Complexion."

Intimate JOTTINGS



CAPTAIN STANLEY ESKELL, back in Sydney, lights cousin Judie Eskell's cigarette between dances at Prince's.

INVITATIONS to wedding of Philippa Street and cricketer Jack Fingleton issued only few days before date of marriage at Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley.

Pip, younger daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ken Street, chooses pearl-toned lace gown and short georgette veil of same shade . . . bridesmaid former school-friend Gwen Tompson, of Neutral Bay.

Small reception at the Streets' Darling Point home follows ceremony—Mrs. Street and daughter Belinda (Mrs. Don) Mackay receive guests.

ROMANCE of Brisbane's Brigadier R. H. Nimmo and Mary Page of interest in this State . . . Mary visits New South Wales country town where Brigadier Nimmo takes up new appointment, and returns to Brisbane wearing lovely diamond ring.

Wedding to take place very soon, so Mary is in a whirl of trousseau shopping back home.

"GLAD to be back," says Mrs. Marcus Rex on arrival at Sydney from Malaya with husband (British Resident in Perak) and ten-year-old daughter, Marcella. Two years since Mrs. Rex visited Australia, and now, of course, will be here indefinitely. At present staying with parents, Sir Mark and Lady Sheldon, at Bellevue Hill.

AMONG latest recruits at papier mache depot for Red Cross is Mrs. Goyney Tomkins, of Double Bay . . . Lieutenant husband abroad with A.I.F.



EXCHANGING NEWS from overseas. Mesdames I. Bertram-Norris and E. Magno at A.I.F. Women's Club, Y.W.C.A. building.



FROSTY-WHITE HATS for Mrs. Malcolm Campbell and Eve Playfair at Randwick.



LEAVING ST. MARY'S after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Crawley. Bride formerly Marie Sullivan, of Cassilis and Vauchuse.

SYDNEY loses pianist Miriam (Mrs. Marcus) Edwards . . . closes her flat here and returns to live with her parents, the C. H. Hydes, at Torrens Park, Adelaide.

News very scanty from Marcus (captured in Crete and now a prisoner of war in Germany) . . . but Miriam has heard he is well and helping with formation of orchestra in prison camp.

STAYING with parents, the A. E. Harrolds, in Brisbane, is Mrs. I. C. Martin, of Cassilis. Takes baby daughter, Sally, with her on plane trip for annual visit.

Also trekking north is Alison Forbes Mackay, at present spending several months with brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cotton, at their farm, The Pines, Cleve.

OFF to country with baby daughter, Philippa, Mrs. Philip Sautelle leaves Neutral Bay this week to stay with the Lyndon Litchfields at Murrumbidgee, Cooma. Litchfield family consists of very youthful daughter and son—Sally and Jock.

JOAN WATERHOUSE returns from Melbourne wearing lovely aquamarine ring with diamond shoulders . . . coincidence that fiancé, Paymaster-Lieutenant Keith Waterhouse, has same name as they are not even distantly related.

AT Special Appeals Auxiliary rooms, Mesdames C. Withycombe and Jimmy Bancks make plans for sale of tickets in Red Cross Dream Home.



PLANNING GARDEN PARTY at Admiralty House, January 26, aid Benevolent Society. Mesdames C. P. Johnson and E. J. Bagley.



EARNEST attention. Mesdames Vivian Bath and G. H. Boreham, Singapore, at meeting women's association to assist Malayan evacuees.



MANNEQUINS Veronica and Vernita Williams wear Madame Mieuets frocks in parade for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, at Prince's, January 28.

Heard Around TOWN

FIRST three-act play written by Joan Jupp, ex-student of St. Scholastica's, will be presented by members of ex-students' union on January 31 at 428 George Street to aid convent building fund and C.U.S.A.

Play—as yet unnamed—has cast of ten women including author and the producer (Connie Smith). Pat McElhone, Beryl Williams, Pat Dean, Roma Colley, Madeleine Sullivan, Joan Moore, Mary Hanrahan and Pat Hummelstad contribute to bright dialogue.

WITH her three children, Anne, Dmitry and Andrew, Inky (Mrs. Alan) Davis has gone to Blayney where she has taken a house. Also has young David Wilson, son of brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. John Wilson, with her.

Mrs. Roger Martin with small son, Roger Winston David, goes first to Scone and then on to Weemamah, Trangie, to stay with Mrs. George Mack.

Former Brisbane well-known, Mrs. Michael Mather, now living in Sydney, is visiting her husband's people in Newcastle. Then hopes to go on to Brisbane to stay with her mother, Mrs. W. M. L'Estrange.

BOWRAL highlight . . . attractive Mrs. Wang Osborne bicycling down main street with shopping bag strapped to handle-bars. Betty has small son, Anthony, with her . . . also at Bowral is Mrs. Griff Tail, who has taken Mrs. Dick Allen's house.

Busy days for Mrs. Alfred Morgan . . . new colonial-style home at Pymble now ready for occupation, so she is making preparations for move next week with husband and baby son, Peter.

A FEW extra weeks in town for Mary Hudson . . . husband Roy returned to Broken Hill last week, but Mary is staying on with Mrs. J. Wilkinson at Darling Point.

Betty

IMPOSSIBLE,

replied Mayhew with a half-smile. "Everybody is vouched for up to the hilt. My secretary, Miss Franks, was recommended by one of our most trusted agents. The telephone operators were sent over by Army Intelligence." He mused heavily, and a faint smile crept over his lips.

"Besides, it's quite possible that someone from downstairs," he stressed the last word, "might have got up here after we'd gone."

"That's absurd," fumed Benson. "Everybody in my department has years of service to his credit."

Sir Giles held up a limp hand. "This quibbling is quite unprofitable." He turned to the police chief. "What do you suggest, Benson?"

"I've given orders that the city gates and frontier are to be closely watched." He spread his hands helplessly. "But, frankly, I don't know how we're going to search every burnous and shopping basket in Jerusalem. The thief is far too smart to be caught now. I'll wager the photograph is in Beirut by now."

Sir Giles stiffened. "That's a little gloomy," he remarked sharply. "I think you should try to get Kiazim to talk. These wretches will say anything to save their own skins."

Sensing that he had gone too far, the chief of police tried to cover up.

"We'll do our best, your Excellency," he said in a quieter tone. "As you say, he may talk." With that he departed, puffing furiously at his pipe.

When the door had closed Sir Giles seemed to sag in his chair.

"Heaven knows what they'll say about this in Whitehall," he muttered.

Mayhew went out very quietly. It is not pleasant to watch a man staring at the ruins of a career.

Only a crisis of the first magnitude could have made her husband miss his dinner. Rita Nugent knew that; his incessant smoking of cigarettes instead of the accustomed cigar confirmed her worst fears. Slowly, but with infinite gentleness, she had dragged the whole story from him. Usually the soul of discretion where professional secrets were in issue, Sir Giles had for once yielded to her curiosity.

After all, he reflected, this disaster would hit her pretty hard, too; but at the back of his mind was the craving for sympathy and perhaps a word of hope. Rita was a shrewd woman and she had been right over a good many things in the past.

"Did you say that Benson had managed to find that counterfeit money, dear?" she asked thoughtfully.

Her husband nodded. He was about to pour himself another Scotch-and-soda when the police chief was announced.

"Hallo, Benson," said Sir Giles anxiously, pouring a drink for the newcomer. "Any news?"

Benson took out a notebook with a gesture of emphasis.

"We've been rounding up everyone who knew Kiazim," he answered, without looking up. "So far, however, we've drawn a blank. But we do know that a veiled woman visited him on Thursday evening."

He looked at Sir Giles with a twisted ironical smile. "If we can have a word with that mysterious visitor I think we shall learn a good deal about the photograph."

"Any idea who she might be?" asked Sir Giles.

Benson shrugged. "Not yet. Of course we're checking and cross-checking but it's a slow process. We've given Kiazim an awful drubbing, but he won't open his mouth. He slipped his whisky. 'He knows that we're so keen to get the photograph back that we might try to buy him off and withdraw the counterfeiting charge.' He looked up keenly.

"And that gives me the idea that the missing photograph is still in Jerusalem. Otherwise, Kiazim would not run the risk of letting the woman get it across the frontier before he could come to terms with us."

"That's a very sound deduction," commented Sir Giles, clutching at this hopeful theory.

Rita Nugent stirred her coffee. She turned to Benson with a thoughtful smile.

"Could that camera have been hidden in a large ring, for example?" she demanded, indicating the square-cut stone on her own middle finger.

Benson nodded, surprised by the question. He looked puzzled but she went on stirring her coffee and did not pursue her inquiry.

After the police chief had departed Sir Giles settled down with

Continuing.. A Matter of Persuasion

from page 5

a thriller, but it was obvious from his abstracted expression that his mind was not on the printed page. He nodded wearily when his wife murmured something about going downstairs to play a rubber of contract. She kissed him, and his eyes were moist when he took up his novel once again.

Rita Nugent did not join the bridge players in the hotel lounge. Instead she looked up Eve Franks' address in the telephone directory and asked the kavaas to call a taxi. As it bumped and swerved through the dark streets she was aware that her heart was beating wildly.

But she reassured herself with the thought that even if she was blundering little harm would be done. The girl would have better sense than to gossip about the weak-mindedness of her chief's wife.

The taxi pulled up outside a newly-erected block of flats near the Damascus Gate. Burying her mouth in the collar of her evening wrap she stalked past the porter and entered the lift. All her nervousness seemed to have vanished, and there was a cold smile on her face as she pressed the bell outside Flat 409.

The tread of slippers feet was followed by a ray of light from the door. Eve Franks stood before her wearing a silk housecoat and an expression of surprise.

Before she could speak Lady Nugent had gently pushed open the door and was standing in the hall.

"May I come in, my dear?" she murmured.

The girl collected herself. "Certainly, Lady Nugent. This is a great honor." Rita followed her into the living-room which was comfortably furnished. She took in the beautiful rugs and the cream-colored cocktail cabinet with a quick glance.

"This is a nice flat," she observed, taking a cigarette from the box which Eve Franks had passed her. "Is it expensive?" Her voice was a little musing.

"Not very," answered the girl casually. "I'm paid quite a good salary, Lady Nugent."

"And doubtless you have private means," said Rita pleasantly.

The girl's eyes narrowed, but the cool smile remained in place.

"I'm afraid I'm very tired, Lady Nugent. If there is anything . . ."

Rita Nugent seemed not to have heard her. "I notice you're not wearing that lovely ring. Miss

Franks," she observed. "You know I've often admired it. It's such a clever little gadget and so useful; a little watch made into a ring." She gave a little laugh.

"The girl frowned, but she made no comment on this very strange remark."

"Can I see it, my dear?" the older woman went on. "I'm such a fool about jewellery, you know." She gave a little nervous laugh. "Once I see something I like I simply must have it! Silly of me, isn't it?"

The girl shook her head. Her brows came together in a puzzled line as she stooped to take a cigarette.

"I'm afraid the watch is being repaired," she said lightly. "And if you are really anxious to have one like it, Lady Nugent, I can tell you where I bought mine. It's a little bazaar—"

"No, my dear," cut in the visitor, "I want yours." She was still smiling, but the banter had slipped from her voice. "I think it's unwise for a girl in my husband's department to be wearing such a ring."

"I don't follow you," the girl said quietly.

LADY NUGENT looked at her quizzically. "I think you do, my dear." She leaned forward.

"I happen to know that your ring was large enough to conceal a little camera." Her mouth hardened. "It was so easy to slip the camera into the place where the watch had been, wasn't it?"

Eve Franks stood up slowly. "I'm afraid I don't understand riddles, Lady Nugent," she said coldly.

"And I think you do," snapped Rita without getting up. "You see I happen to know that your friend, Kiazim, was arrested yesterday, and he's talking his head off."

The girl sat down and shrugged lightly. "You're still talking in riddles," she laughed. But the note of respect had vanished.

"Don't be a fool, my girl," snapped Lady Nugent. "The police will be here in the morning. I want you to return that photograph to me before they come. I've my own reasons for not wishing them to find it themselves."

Eve Franks shrugged her shoulders. "I'm afraid you underestimate me, Lady Nugent," she laughed coldly. "I've never heard of Kiazim, and I must ask you to leave. I'm not

paid to be insulted after office hours."

"By all means, Miss Franks," Rita drawled without stirring from the armchair. "But you may also be interested to hear that your brother has been arrested in Jaffa for his share in this theft."

For the first time the mask slipped and a look of fear and incredulity appeared in her eyes.

"But why?" she faltered. Rita Nugent pressed home the advantage.

"If you give me that photograph I can promise that your brother and yourself will escape lightly," she added. "You must trust me."

The girl shook her head. She puffed at her cigarette but did not immediately reply.

"Do you still want to buy my ring?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, my dear, if that little photograph is still inside."

"How much?" was the next blunt question.

Rita Nugent looked surprised. She had not bargained for this, convinced as she was that the girl had taken fright. Then a strange look flickered over her face and she was smiling again.

"Shall we say £1000?" she ventured.

The spy looked triumphant. "I'll want £2000," she said finally. "You see, Lady Nugent, it's such a nice ring."

The older woman tightened her lips but ignored the sarcasm.

"If you'll bring the money in Bank of England notes to the French Bazaar at noon to-morrow you will be accosted by an Arab beagar," continued the girl. "He will say, 'Pretty English lady would like to buy a brooch?'"

Lady Nugent was smiling graciously as Eve Franks held the door open for her.

"But how on earth did you get it?" Sir Giles asked for the third time. Once again he examined the precious photograph.

Lady Nugent smiled happily. "It's a long story, my dear. I've never liked that girl. Call it feminine intuition, if you like."

For the moment her thoughts flew to Raymond, and the light of a mother's love shone in her eyes. "I could see that girl was making a dead set at Raymond," she admitted, "and it worried me, for the boy's sake. I know women, Giles, and I can pick a wrong 'un a mile off—especially when my mother instinct's roused."

Manila escape . . . U.S. sailor's vivid story

Continued from page 7

WE went to an air-raid shelter on the dock. We heard no planes this time. American pursuit planes had stayed them off, so we went aboard and continued painting.

At four o'clock the captain, several charts rolled under his arm, came running to the dock from the gates.

"Turn out the engine-room and stewards' departments to help the sailors get under way," he shouted up at the mate.

Soon there were cooks, waiters, and wipers helping us swing in the cargo booms and lash them. It had been learned that 500 Jap bombers were going to destroy the docks that night, and the Navy Department told the captain, "You get away now or never."

There was great excitement on the waterfront streets, civilian cars being waved away, and army trucks bringing troops and equipment. The palm trees were being chopped down to make camouflage for the anti-aircraft guns.

All the ships had left the docks now. There were 15 or 20 headed for the open harbor.

"Let go the stern line," ordered the captain, but the dock was deserted. There was no one to throw it off the bit.

We were just about to cut it with a fire axe when a Boy Scout ran up and let the line go from the dock, and out into the harbor we headed.

We expected to anchor there, because it was sunset, and we heard that the minefields could not be raised at night.

With all those ships in the harbor, we knew we were easy meat for the bombers, so we started to barricade the messroom with mattresses to withstand the shrapnel.

The carpenter stood by the anchor, but no orders to drop it were given, and nightfall found us still under way. We cruised in a circle about Corregidor for half an hour until

a submarine came up to help us through the minefields.

The captain set our course for Australia, the entire ship was blacked out, and orders were given not to strike the ship's bells. We were near a small Japanese island base.

Luckily, the low clouds obscured the moon, and all was well until the morning when we received a wireless message in code that Japanese warships were 20 miles astern of us.

The emergency horn in the engine-room called all the engineers down, and they got every bit of power out of the engines they could.

Then the ship stopped. Again the emergency horn sounded, and the engineers crowded about the starboard engine, hoisting out one of the pistons with a chain fall. The piston could not be repaired. The added strain had burned it out.

Soon we were under way, not as fast as before, but plugging along with seven cylinders on one side and six on the other. This unbalanced movement caused the whole ship to vibrate.

The next night we were to slip between Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago.

The lookout was reporting something by phone.

And then we all saw it! The dark shape of a submarine on the surface of the quiet ocean, not more than 100 yards on our beam.

We grabbed our life preservers, and the sub drew away into the dark. The seconds dragged by. There was still no explosion. In an hour we felt comparatively safe again.

The sun shone brightly the next day, making the calm sea look



FILIPINO TROOPS resting by a stream. With General MacArthur as leader, Filipino troops are fighting gallantly against overwhelming odds behind Manila.

peaceful and quiet. The jungle coast of Borneo could be seen clearly, and all hands kept a good lookout because we were nearing a commercial airfield—one the Japanese had bought two years ago under the pretence of starting an airline.

In the afternoon, a speck was picked up by a sailor.

The plane swooped towards us. "If only we had guns," we thought as we lay face down in the alleys.

The captain ordered "Hard right" to the helmsman, and we swung swiftly to starboard, starting our zig-zag course.

The captain disappeared into the chart-room, and came out, passing around six pistols to the mates. They felt like pigmies with peashooters in an elephant stampede.

The bomber was ten feet over our masts now, and with a shout

puzzled. "But what made her give it up, that's what stumps me."

She turned on him with a funny look. "I told her that she had implicated her brother in Jaffa. You see, I happen to know that she is very devoted to him, so it was really a matter of persuasion!"

"But I can't understand this brother business," Sir Giles said with a frown. He knew that Franks, the shipping clerk in Jaffa, was one of the best Intelligence agents in the service. In fact, it was on his recommendation that Eve Franks had been given her job.

Of course it was possible that brother and sister were on different sides; that sort of thing had happened before. Yet the fact that the girl had given up the photograph so easily seemed to suggest that the chance shot had gone home and the brother was really involved. It seemed impossible to believe that Franks would assist the Italians after his wonderful work for British Army Intelligence.

"Are you quite sure that saving her brother was the only inducement?" he asked.

"Not altogether," replied Lady Nugent. "You see, I also gave her £3000."

"£3000!" he echoed. That helped to explain the spy's action. He was relieved to know that the cash had been the mainspring and not the brother's safety; but it might be kinder not to mar Lady Nugent's satisfaction with her tactics!

She was chuckling to herself.

"That's the beauty of the whole thing!" she gasped. "Clever Miss Franks won't get very far with that cash. You see, it's dud money."

"Dud?" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "The morning after I'd seen her I persuaded Benson to lend me a packet of the counterfeit notes, which he'd found at Kiazim's house." She flashed him a wise smile.

"When she's caught with that money she'll have quite enough to worry about. I thought it was better than having her nabbed for this spy business and getting your department into trouble." She dabbed at her mouth with a stick of lip rouge. "It would have looked rather silly admitting to Whitehall that a valuable document had disappeared under your noses, wouldn't it?"

(Copyright)

A RATION OF FUN



"Well, here's a toast to the Jap Navy!
Bottoms up!"

MOPSY—the cheery redhead



"Will you send someone right away to find out what's wrong with the car I just bought from you?"



"Your new dress, darling, suits your personality, but, oh, that hat!"

"What's the matter with my hat?"

"Well, it looks as if it has made a forced landing."



LABORER: I can't find a shovel!

GANGER: Well, grab a barrow.

LABORER: But then I'll have nothing to lean on like the other blokes.

BRAINWAVES

Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used

SMOKE was coming from the non-smoking compartment of the train. The guard put his head round the door and glared at the six guilty occupants.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "there are two rules on this line which are repeatedly broken. Firstly, smoking is forbidden in non-smoking compartments, and secondly, the company's servants may not accept bribes. You have already broken one of these rules. What I want to know is, do you intend to break the other?"

THE bombing instructor was explaining the method of clearing a sap by bombing from each end toward the centre.

"Now," he asked, "how would you tell when you had finished off Fritz and were bombing your own men?"

"By the language, sir," said an experienced voice from the back.

"SEEMING that it's your birthday I'd like to pay you that £5 I owe you."

"Thanks, old man, I could do with it just now!"

"Oh—er—I only said I'd like to pay it, but I'm afraid I can't at the moment!"

THE young man approached the pretty girl behind the counter. "I want a pillow-case, please."

"Yes, what size?" asked the girl.

"Why—er—I'm not sure," he replied, "but I take a seven-and-a-half hat."

"I TELL you, my boy, the man who marries my daughter gains a prize."

"By Jove, jolly fine idea, what? Is it—er—a cash prize or just a silver entree dish?"

"HOW many natural magnets are there?" the instructor asked.

"Two, sir," said a recruit smartly, "Blondes and brunettes."

"WHAT is the proper time to gather fruit?" asked the teacher.

"When the dog is tied up," replied Tommy.

CORPORAL: Bugler, there's a fire in the officers' quarters. Blow the "call," quick!

Bugler: Blimey, what shall I blow?

Corporal: Er—well—er—cease fire, you fathead, cease fire!



"My wife used to play the piano a lot, but since the children came along she doesn't have time."
"Children are a comfort, aren't they!"



"That's a good-looking hat, Bill."

"Yes, I've had it cleaned three times, changed it twice at restaurants, and it's still as good as new."

Continuing - - - Landfall

from page 4

THERE was a long silence. The civilian studied the pencilled sheet of the pilot's notes carefully and methodically.

Hewitt said at last: "Does that mean anything to you, Professor?"

The other said slowly: "I think so. I'd like to work upon this for a bit. It's quite clear we want different modulation for the battleship, and while we're at it we might drop the frequency a bit. How long did Burnaby say that it would be before we had a battleship again?"

"A fortnight."

"That's good. I think we should be able to be more reliable by then." Chambers turned to Hewitt. "A signal came through from the dockyard about the cruiser, sir. They want to know if the trial-to-morrow is confirmed."

The wing-commander turned to Legge. "Is that all right, Professor?"

"Is what all right?"

"To go on to-morrow with the cruiser."

The civilian looked at them over his spectacles. "The current will rise quicker if it's going up at all. That's because of the smaller absolute size of ship, you understand. There won't be much longer than two and a half seconds for throwing the switch."

Chambers said: "If there's two and a half seconds, that's all right, sir. I had time to eat a banana to-day."

"Two seconds is a very short time, Chambers," Legge said seriously.

The pilot laughed. "It's a long time when you're sitting with your hand upon the switch, wondering what that needle's going to do," he said. "No, seriously, sir—I think it's quite all right."

Hewitt said: "You're the sole judge of that, Chambers. If you feel that time is rather short, just say so, and we'll have to tackle it some other way."

The pilot said: "Two and a half seconds is quite long enough to throw that switch out, sir. As a matter of fact, there is no other way to do this, is there?"

"Only by exploring and plotting the air all round a typical ship of this size."

"Well, that's absurd. I mean, it'd take a month of Sundays to do that. No, this is perfectly all right for me."

They discussed it for a few minutes longer, sketching a hint in pencil on a pad. Finally, Hewitt said: "All right, we'll have the ship to-morrow. I'll make a signal to the dockyard. We've got her till the end of the week."

The pilot said: "That's fine. We should be able to get somewhere with it in that time."

They dispersed. Legge took the pilot's notes and went back in his car to Southsea, driving slowly in the dark, with a new horror to sit by his side. To him, two seconds was a desperately short time. He was a man of middle age and his reaction times were getting longer with the years; it was difficult for him to place himself in the position of the pilot, who could operate the switch in one-fifth of a second.

Disaster stared him in the face, and drove him to his calculations for the cruiser as soon as he got to his flat. The battleship problem was relegated to a corner of his mind. He had a shrewd idea now of the source of all their difficulties with that and he could see the means of overcoming them; when next they went out to a battleship the thing would work right every time. But that was no longer of the first importance.

In one night's work he must now cover the ground of three months' steady research upon the cruiser if an accident were to be made reasonably impossible. No man living could do that, but he must do what lay within his power.

Immediately he settled down to work, with blueprints, pad, and calculating machine.

Jerry dined in the mess and played bridge for an hour or so, winning three and two pence. Then he drank a pint of beer and had a game of shove-halpenny with a night-leutenant. By ten o'clock he was retiring to his room; he was sleeping quietly by eleven. He slept till after seven in the morning.

Mona, for her part, spent the evening in the bar, as usual. She was still vaguely dissatisfied, though less restless than she had been before Jerry had returned from Yorkshire. She still thought it would be nice to be in the perfumery department of a big shop, but you couldn't do everything.

She knew very well that matters could not be static now between Jerry and herself; she might end up as Mrs. Chambers, or she might end up as Mrs. Smith; beside either avocation the perfumery paled into insignificance. If her life was in fact to be linked with Jerry's she did not want his friends to know her as a girl that he had picked up in a shop.

In a confused way she had certain social grades defined and ordered in her mind. She would do him less harm in his career if she married him as a barnmaid than if she married from a shop, or so she thought.

These reflections mitigated the snack-bar of the Royal Clarence to her. She was tired of the smell of beer and of the stickiness of vermouth, but she was able to bear with it phlegmatically.

That evening was fairly slack, being the middle of the week. In the seven months that had elapsed since the beginning of the war she had come to know a great many young naval officers by sight, habitués of the bar, young men serving on ships based upon the port, who came there for a grill when their ships were in. That evening there was a little party of new faces, a lieutenant-commander, R.N., two lieutenants, R.N.R.—men of thirty-five or forty, these, hard-looking toughs—and a young sub in the R.N.V.R.

This party joined up with a little group of minesweepers; their gossip very soon told Mona that the newcomers were off a salvage ship.

The salvage men drank whiskey. They talked a good deal of the war in Finland, recently concluded; one of them had spent a good many years in Baltic ports. They talked of football pools, and of magnetic mines and how to sweep them up. This last discussion was in very low tones, so low that the barnmaid only heard a few words here and there. From that, by natural transition, they went on to submarines.

A trawler officer said: "I was at Sheerness the first three months. The destroyers were at them every day, then. But it's eased off now. Down here, we don't get hardly any. One a week—not more."

One of the R.N.R. salvage men said: "They're still getting a good few around the estuary. Not like they were, of course, but still—a few. We picked up one of them off the Goodwins, 'bout a month ago."

"Picked it up?"

"Yah. Took it into Dover."

The trawlerman said: "Get any of the crew?"

The other shook his head. "There was plenty of them in it, but they were dead. It had been depth-charged all to glory—the hull was split in three places. We reckoned she'd been going home upon the surface in the night, and hit the sands about low water. Then up comes the tide before she can get off, and drowns the lot."

The trawlerman said: "What's everybody drinking?" He turned to Mona: "Same all round, lady."

She busied herself with the whistles. Somebody else asked: "Did they learn anything useful from the submarine?"

"I don't know about that. We went off on another job. I only know that there was one funny thing we found."

"What's that?"

The man turned to the lieutenant-commander. "Tell 'em about the torpedo-tubes, sir."

The naval officer smiled slowly. "Only one tube," he said. "I went in at the first low tide to see if any of the tubes were loaded."

One of the R.N.V.R. officers said: "Grisky sort of job."

"Yes—it was rather." He was silent for a minute, thinking again of that eerie journey through the black cavities of the dead submarine, flashing an electric torch before him. The structure had dripped salt water on him at each step; it had smelt abominably of fuel oil, salt water, chlorine, and corruption; it had been slippery and very dark.

He said: "I opened the back doors of all the tubes. One of them was full of fuel oil."

"Fuel oil?"

The officer nodded. "I opened the door and it all came out, all over the floor and my boots and everything."

One of the trawlermen said:

"How did that stuff get into a torpedo-tube?"

The other laughed. "That's not the end of it. What do you think came out with the oil?"

One of the R.N.V.R. officers, fingering his third whiskey, said gravely: "A nest of field mice."

The naval officer said: "Well, you're wrong. Most of a British rating's kit."

They all stared at him. "In the oil?"

"In the oil, in the torpedo-tube. There was a hat, and a couple of jumpers and a shirt, and a pair of bags, and a lot of Portsmouth City Council tram-tickets, if you please. All sorts of stuff."

They were incredulous. "But how did that get there?"

The salvage officer laughed. "It's one of their tricks. They keep a tube full of fuel oil and British sailors' stuff. If they get in a tight corner they discharge the lot, blow the tube through with the compressed air. We see a lot of oil and air come up and stop our depth-charges. Then we see a British sailor's hat floating in the oil, and we get all hot and bothered and stop bombing altogether. And while we're dithering about it, he gets away."

"How long have they been doing this?"

"Goodness knows. We've only just cottoned on to it. This one on the Goodwins was the first definite case we found of it."

Behind the counter the barnmaid stood motionless, staring at them. It was the clothes that came up in the fuel oil that had decided the Court of Inquiry upon Caranx; Jerry had told her so. But for that they would have given weight to what he said about there being no identification marks. The officer had said that they had only recently come to realise the floating clothes to be a German trick.

What if it had been going on some time? What if the submarine that Jerry had sunk had really been a German one, as he had thought?

She must see Jerry and tell him. The officers went to their meal, and she went on with her work absently, in a dream. She served the wrong drinks twice, then broke a sherry glass.

Miriam said: "That's the third glass gone this evening. Mr. Harries, he won't half be cross." "Sorry," said Mona. "I was thinking of something else."

In the sudden flash of a girl's eager intuition, the truth of a naval tragedy comes to light.

There was more in it than just the clothes. There were other funny things that she had heard. What was it she had heard about the slick, with oil all coming up?

Porky something. Porky . . . Porky . . . Porky Thomas. That was the name. Porky Thomas had sailed through the slick with the oil coming up, but she couldn't remember that he had said anything about clothes. But Porky Thomas had said it was just off Departure Point, and it wasn't off Departure Point at all. She had asked Jerry that, and he had said it was much more towards the island.

But someone else had said something about a submarine that had been sunk off Departure Point, surely? In a newspaper—a newspaper cutting about contraband. The one that that young officer had had—Jimmie, Joe . . . James—Mouldy James. That said a submarine had been sunk just off Departure Point, and on the same day, too.

But Jerry was quite sure it hadn't been anywhere near Departure Point. It seemed all nonsense, any way you looked at it.

She served somebody's order correctly, and began to rinse some glasses. That newspaper cutting must have been all wrong. After all, it was only an American paper, and they weren't half so good as English papers. Everybody knew that. It was obviously wrong, because it was wrong in another place as well. It said that Caranx broke into two bits when she was sunk, so that the bow and stern came up separately, both at the same time. That was all wrong in

the paper; Jerry had told her just what happened.

Caranx had sunk by going right up on one end, and going down straight, like that. The two ends never showed at the same time.

You couldn't believe anything you saw in foreign papers, anyway. What with the different way of sinking and the different place, it might have been a different submarine, the way they wrote about it.

It might have been a different submarine.

She stood stock-still for a moment. That was possibly the truth of it. They were sinking them the whole time. But then Porky Thomas should have known, and all the officers that were talking about Porky Thomas, that same evening. Or was it the next evening? She had forgotten. Funny they hadn't said about another submarine that had been sunk, the day that Jerry had sunk Caranx. And Mouldy James, he hadn't seemed to know about it, either.

But that was quite silly. If nobody had known about a second submarine being sunk that day, who was it sunk it? Jerry hadn't sunk two. Whoever sank the second one must have known.

Well then, there couldn't have been a second one at all. But then that seemed to be all wrong, too.

A rush of orders came upon her then and drove the matter from her mind. It was something terribly important that she must talk over with Jerry when she met him; she felt sure he would be able to resolve the puzzle for her, and explain what it all meant. In the meantime there was a crowd of thirsty officers to serve, and she must get on with her job.

She left the Royal Clarence at about a quarter-past ten and went home. Her father and her mother were still up when she got home, sitting in the little kitchen, one each side of the fire.

Her mother said: "We just had a cup of tea, dearie. Make yourself a cup; it's still hot in the pot."

She shook her head. "I don't mind a cup of cocoa." But there was no cocoa, and she prepared to go upstairs to bed.

She paused at the foot of the stairs. "Dad," she said. "You couldn't sink a submarine without you knew it, could you?"

He took off his spectacles and stared at her. "Who couldn't sink a submarine?"

"I mean, if a submarine got sunk, somebody would know who done it?" "Should do, girl. Who's been talking to you?"

She said: "Nobody special. It's just what I heard in the bar. There was one who said it."

"Sunk in the Channel? In these parts?"

"Off Departure Point, they were saying."

"Off Departure Point." He ruminated for a while over this conundrum. "The only thing would be, if it had been sunk by another German submarine, by mistake. Nobody would know then who done it."

She shook her head. "I don't think that makes sense. It doesn't matter. I was only wondering, because they was all talking about it."

He said: "That's the only way I knows as it could happen without anybody knowing."

She went up to her room and got into bed, the problem still in the background of her mind. Jerry would put it right for her. It was five more days before she met him, unless the weather were to turn bad suddenly. But there was not much chance of that; in fact, it was unusually fine for the time of year.

Still, five days would soon go.

She slept.

Psychiatrists say that when you go to sleep with something on your mind, some difficult problem, your subconscious mind continues working at it all night through. Mona woke up at about three in the morning and sat bolt upright in bed.

It wasn't Caranx that Jerry had sunk. It was a German, a German with British sailors' clothes in her torpedo-tubes. Caranx had been the other one, sunk off Departure Point.



"She says she'd rather stay in kindergarten than learn to spell dog."

The pieces of the puzzle fitted then, each one of them in its own place. Jerry had been absolutely right when he had said he had seen no identification marks upon the hydrovanes. Of course he hadn't; it was a German submarine, as he had thought. It was steering the same course as Caranx from Departure Point, perhaps to try and make its way into Portsmouth. But it was late; it couldn't have known Caranx's time schedule.

In the little, shabby bedroom over the furniture shop the truth of a naval tragedy came to the light. The German had sunk Caranx off Departure Point. The Dutch skipper in the newspaper had said the British sank a German submarine, but that was wrong. He had seen Caranx sunk, perhaps torpedoed by the German, as she moved upon the surface.

That was why Porky Thomas said he saw a slick, with oil coming up, just off Departure Point. He had seen such a slick; he had steamed through the oil that came from the torn, shattered hull of a British submarine, and he had never dreamed of it.

This was the truth, naked and undeniable. The submarine that Jerry sank had itself torpedoed Caranx an hour previously.

She lay reclining on her pillows for half an hour, turning this theory over in her mind. It must be true; there was no other way of it. And with that conviction, there came to her deep happiness. She could help Jerry, really help him in his work, in his career. He had not said much to her of the setback he had suffered, after that first evening. Then he had said that he was afraid he wouldn't be able to stay on in the Air Force after the war.

She knew what that would mean to him; the end of his career. No more doing the work that he had chosen, that he was good at.

But that was over now. He hadn't sunk Caranx, and she'd prove it. Mouldy James and Porky Thomas and everyone should be brought in to help.

She lay back quietly, desperately happy. If she could help to rid him of the slur of having sunk a British submarine, it wouldn't matter quite so much, perhaps, if he married a barnmaid. With Caranx and a barnmaid both upon his record, he'd never be able to stay in the service after the war. But if it were shown that he had really sunk a German submarine, then things were different.

A German submarine would be an asset on his record, sufficient to outweigh even a barnmaid, if she were very careful always to talk nicely, and to learn to do the right things with a visiting-card. And that should not be very difficult to learn.

It was not Mona's way to lie awake. When she was happy, she usually went to sleep, and she was sleeping quietly before so very long.

She caught her father in the shop next morning, after breakfast. "Dad," she said, "what would you do if you was me?"

"I dunno, girl."

Please turn to page 29

Continuing - - - Landfall

from page 28

"YOU know Jerry—Flying-Officer Chambers, what takes me dancing sometimes." "I see him once," he said cautiously.

"Did you know about his trouble, Dad?"

He shook his head. "He sank a British submarine, with bombs, when he was on patrol. That's what the Court of Inquiry said, but it's all wrong, Dad. Honest, it is."

His brow darkened; he was first and foremost an old naval petty-officer. "Let's get this right, girl," he said quietly. "What is it that you say he done?"

"He sank a submarine called Caraux, so they said. But he didn't do it, really and truly."

It took him ten minutes to extract the story from her. It would have taken anybody else half an hour, but he spoke her language and could understand her processes of thought. In a quarter of an hour he had completely absorbed the whole story; he sat there rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

She said: "What ought I to do, Dad? I mean, someone ought to know about it."

He said: "In a ship the officer of the watch would be the one to tell. But with this—I don't know, I'm sure."

She was silent. "It's not as if you know anything, really," he said. "It's just what you suppose."

She said stubbornly: "I don't see that, Dad. Seems to me that it's the only way it could have happened." There was a pause, and then she said: "That Court of Inquiry never saw Parry Thomas or Mouldy James, or anyone. They never even knew about the clothes in the torpedo-tube, because that's only just been found out."

"I dunno what to say," he said weakly.

"Somebody ought to be told."

"The only chap to tell would be the young chap himself. The one what takes you out."

She stared out of the shop window to the street outside. "I'd rather tell someone different. He might not want to go raking it all up again. But it's something that they ought to know."

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said.

That morning the trawler went out again, with Burnaby and Legge on board, and a number of naval officers. As they went, Legge, tired and worried, lectured to them on the modifications that he proposed to put in hand for dealing with the battleship. They could not all follow his reasoning, though one or two were able to discourse with him intelligently. In half an hour he had satisfied them completely.

Burnaby said: "This seems to mean, then, that we're practically home. When you get the new modulator installed, we're ready for war." The civilian said hesitantly: "I think we shall be very near that stage. But only as regards the battleship, you know. There'll be another set of conditions altogether for the cruiser."

Burnaby said: "I quite appreciate that, Professor Legge. But as regards the battleship alone, we're very nearly ready for service use?"

Legge said: "I think that is so."

The naval captain said: "I do congratulate you, Professor, both on the thing itself and on the speed with which you've brought it along."

The civilian flushed a little. "I wish we didn't have to take such risks."

"I know. But the solution for the battleship has justified the risks of accident."

Legge said nothing. He could not bring himself to agree with that. In his private view, these officers were too impatient for results. Granted that the country was at war and that this device was needed more than most, he could not feel that this slapdash method of full-scale experiment, so loved by the services as reasonable or scientifically right. He knew very well that an accident in the early stages would have turned them all against him, would have killed the weapon stone-dead in their minds.

The possibility was now removed by the partial success that he had had with the battleship, but that did not affect his view that basically the method of experiment was unsound. They would have done better to have spent more time upon research.

The trawler reached the area allotted for the trials and met the cruiser. For half an hour they lay rolling a few hundred yards apart. Then the bomber appeared flying from the land, the cinema photographers made the final adjustments to their cameras, and the Aldis lamp flashed for the trial to commence.

The machine approached the cruiser and flew over it. Nothing happened. It passed above the ship and began to turn away; on the trawler the officers relaxed the intensity of their observations.

Burnaby said: "That will be the modulation again, I suppose, Professor?"

Legge said: "I should think so, sir. We must expect it to be a matter of trial and error, just as with the battleship."

The monoplane approached the ship again, flying steadily upon an even keel, but on a different course. This time the device worked.

The monoplane swept down upon the trawler, circled round her very low, the pilot waving merrily as she turned, and made off towards the land. On board the trawler there was great satisfaction. True, it had not worked first time, but it was generally realised that that was just a matter for adjustment.

Professor Legge was treated with considerable respect. They made way for him in the little cuddy of the trawler at lunch-time to give him the best seat at the little table. A second trial was to take place at two o'clock.

Back on the aerodrome, Chambers reported to Hewitt: "It worked all right, sir, at the second shot. They're loading up again now for the trial this afternoon."

The wing-commander nodded. "Any particular reason why it didn't work the first time?"

"None at all, that I could see, sir." He paused. "As a matter of fact, it didn't go a bit as the professor said. You know he said that the current on the milliammeter would go up suddenly, in two and a half seconds?"

The wing-commander said: "Yes. He was very worried about it."

"Well, he's got it all wrong. It just went creeping up, very slowly—much slower than the battleship. It must have taken seven or eight seconds. I switched off when it got to thirty-six."

"That's funny. He was all wrong about the rate of rise?"

"Yes, sir. It went up very slowly. The pilot hesitated. 'Do you think we ought to let him know?'"

"Send him a code signal by radio, you mean? We can't send that in clear."

They glanced at each other. They had both had some experience of code signals in the hands of wireless operators in training. It might very well take three or four hours to get an intelligible answer to a cable of that sort.

The pilot said: "I should think it would be all right if we just carry on. After all, it only means there's that much more time to cut the switch."

THE wing-commander said: "That's all it can mean. I should carry on, and tell him to-night."

"Very good, sir."

Chambers went off to the mess for a quick lunch. At the table somebody asked him: "How's it going?"

"Not so bad," he said. "Did the cruiser a bit of no good this morning—or would have done if the thing had been real."

Somebody else said: "The navy are all hot and bothered over it."

"And well they may be."

He walked back to the hangar. The machine was not quite ready; he put on his parachute-harness and his Mae West and stood waiting on the tarmac. It was a fine, breezy, sunny afternoon; cold with the blustering cold of March, but invigorating with the promise of summer to come. The flight-lieutenant came and stood by him.

"Nice day," he said. "Going to flirt with death again?"

Chambers grinned. "Nice day for the ceremony. I always think rain spoils a funeral."

"How's it going?"

"Not so bad. I think we've got it pretty well whacked now."

The flight-sergeant came up to them. "All ready now, sir." The pilot turned and got into the machine.

Presently he took off and flew

towards the coast, on the alert for other aircraft. As he passed out over the beach at about a thousand feet he was turning over in his mind the morning's trial.

He had a firm impression that this hit-and-miss business of experiment was quite unnecessary. There was some means of procedure that they could adopt, somewhere, somehow, that would make this rather tricky method of experiment obsolete. Some combination of the height and speed and modulation and frequency which would ring the bell each time, delivering the stick of chocolate with accuracy and regularity.

He had a feeling that the problem contained within itself a neat and accurate solution, and a safe one, too. He knew that Professor Legge had the same instinct, but neither

the structure of the cockpit dissolve round him.

He felt no pain.

He saw the port engine fall out and go down, trailing a plume of black smoke in its fall. He saw the flaming wreckage of the wings collapse and leave him, and he saw, but did not feel, the fuselage rear up and go into its long, uneven plunge tail first towards the sea.

He thought: "This is being killed."

And then he thought: "Great heavens, we've been a pack of fools."

Clear in his mind was what they should have done. It was so easy, such a simple little trick. It would have freed the trials from all risk. It would have saved his life.

He was being killed and nobody would know. Another pilot would come forward and would carry on the trials and he, too, would be killed. And then another, and an-



ENGLISH WOMEN are combining gaiety and utility in their work togs. The dungarees are in sailcloth-red tweed and are contrasted with a sky-blue wool shirt.

had been able to formulate it in words.

Presently, far ahead of him upon the sunny corrugated sea, he saw the cruiser, with the trawler lying at a little distance from her. He closed them rapidly and circled round above the trawler at about a thousand feet. In a minute the white flashes of the Aldis lamp showed from her bridge; he turned away and flew south for a couple of minutes, getting distance for his run towards the ship.

Then he turned again, and made for the cruiser.

He switched on current to the apparatus at the main switch and pulled over the safety-switch. The milliammeter showed sixteen or seventeen; that was about normal at the beginning of the run. He glanced quickly at the cruiser to check the direction, ruddering slightly to maintain his course.

Then he glanced back at the milliammeter. Still only about eighteen; it wasn't rising as it should.

The run was going to be another failure.

He shot another quick glance at the ship, corrected slightly with his feet, and back to the dial of the ammeter.

The needle wasn't there.

For an instant, perhaps the fifth of a second, he was bewildered; then his hand began to move toward the switch.

At the same moment he saw the needle in a different place, right up at the far end of the scale. It was over fifty.

Quickly as he moved his hand, the current passed along the circuit-wires more quickly. He never heard the detonation, nor felt the burst of flame. He saw, but did not feel,

other one. He could have stopped all that, but he was being killed.

As the wrecked fuselage plunged tail first into the sea, one thought was paramount, pervading every fibre of his being.

He must, must try to live, to tell Professor Legge.

It is a horrible thing to see an aeroplane destroyed by an explosion from within.

On the trawler the naval officers stood stupefied. The detonation blew the belly of the machine out downwards, and a sheet of flame shot outwards from the fuselage, colored a cherry-red against the pale blue sky. The big monoplane staggered, practically stopped. Then a round mass that was an engine fell from the port wing and went down to the sea, leaving a great plume of black smoke behind it in its fall.

The wrecked bomber put its nose up and the port wing burst into flame. Then the wings crumpled up and the whole port wing parted from the fuselage, and hung for a time suspended by the hot air of its own combustion. The remnant of the fuselage and the starboard wing dropped backwards in a tall slide, and plunged down to the water, gathering speed at every moment of its fall.

It hit the sea a few hundred yards from the cruiser, with a resounding crash and a great sheet of spray. It bobbed up to the surface in the middle of the foam of its own fall, and began sinking fairly slowly. Above it the port wing hovered flaming, dropping streams of blazing petrol to the sea.

QUICKER and quicker, then it too began to fall, till it hit the sea a little way away.

A motor-pinnace splashed down heavily into the water from the cruiser, turned, and made for the sinking wreckage.

On the bridge of the trawler, Captain Burnaby stood staring at the disaster. He moved once to speak to the captain; the R.N.V.R. lieutenant jumped for the telegraph and rang it to full speed. The trawler turned slowly and made for the floating wreckage.

Burnaby stood staring at the wreck through field-glasses, grim and silent.

By his side, Professor Legge stood white and sick, gripping the rail before him with both hands. He had seen a boy killed before his eyes, a boy that he had known, talked to, consulted with, a young man that he had admired for his light-hearted courage. And his one reaction was a feeling of relief.

Relief that it was over. The long, grinding tension of anxiety was finished, for the worst had happened. There would be no need now to lie awake at nights, worrying desperately if there were no more that he could do. There would be no more arguing and pleading with the officers for a more cautious programme and no more rebuffs. This marked a period.

The tension of anxiety was snapped. Unnoticed, a tear trickled down his cheek to his moustache, but he only felt relief, an immense thankfulness that it was over.

The motor-boat was now beside the wreck.

In the snack-bar that evening, Miriam said: "I don't know what's come over you. You're looking pleased as a dog with two tails to-night. What's it all about, anyway?"

Mona tossed her head. "Nothing to do with you."

The other smiled. "It's that Air Force officer you go out with. Meeting him to-night?"

Mona shook her head. "He can't get off till next week."

"Well, then, what are you so pleased about? Got another one?"

"Don't talk so soft. It's nothing like that."

Miriam sighed, unbelieving, and broke off to serve a couple of whiskeys. The evening progressed along the usual lines. The bar was moderately full; as the months went by the proportion of women in the bar tended to increase.

The Waafs and the Wrens seemed to come more frequently; sometimes they came with naval or Air Force officers, but frequently they came in little groups of two or three of their own service. Then they would sit at a table by themselves, rather self-conscious in so masculine a place, drinking with care and feminine economy.

About eight o'clock Mona nudged Miriam. "There's those Wren officers you know. The one in the middle, what you said was the daughter of the officer at the Navigating School."

Miriam looked across the room. "Why, that's right," she said. "That's Miss Hancock. I don't know who them others are with her."

"What's that Miss Hancock like? Do you know her?"

The other shook her head. "I never spoke to her. My cousin Flora was in service there—that's how I know her. Flora said she was all right. A bit stuck up. But all officers' daughters get like that."

Mona said: "I suppose they do. Would she mind if I went and spoke to her, do you think?"

The other girl stared at her. "Whatever for?"

Mona regretted she had made the suggestion. "Just something I was thinking about," she said weakly.

Miriam looked at her kindly. "She's all right," she said. "She won't bite your head off." In her own mind, she had a very good idea what Mona wanted to talk to Miss Hancock about. She wanted to get into the Wrens, and she wanted some help. That was what she had been so excited over earlier in the evening.

"All right," said Mona, with determination. "I'll go and try."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Out of the Nest Continued from page 6

"ELAINE!" called Marian. There was no answer except a faint echo. "Elaine! Here's Mother! Helga! Elaine!"

When still there was no answer, Marian pulled herself up the stairway to the turn and stopped to listen. Elaine would be in bed asleep and perhaps Helga would be taking a nap also—that was where they would be, of course!

Marian dragged herself on. She could not see into the nursery, the nursery had been located where no draught from the stairway could reach it. It was really the main bedroom, but Marian had selected it for Elaine and Phil had yielded.

She went up the remainder of the flight calling, "Elaine!" and then, "Helga!" and then again, "Elaine!" It seemed to her at the head of the steps that she heard Elaine answering. She flew across the hall, into the nursery, "Elaine!" Elaine's bed was smooth—she knew beforehand that it would be smooth. Every toy was put out of sight, there was nothing out of its place—that was the way her house was kept.

She opened the wardrobe door as though something from within resisted her. Elaine's red bunny suit with its cap to match should hang on a small hanger; her little red goloshes should be in one of the compartments of the shoe bag on the door. Her garments were all hand-made; the bunny suit, knitted by Marian, contained no imperfect stitch.

The bunny suit and the goloshes were gone; the little hanger was empty and the compartment in the shoe bag yawned.

Marian slipped and slid down the backstairs to the kitchen. Helga—it couldn't be possible that Helga would let Elaine sleep on her bed and lie down beside her!

Helga had committed no such serious offence—her bed, too, was unoccupied, her room in the order which she as well as her mistress liked. She owned a new coat, bought without advice—green with a collar of yellowish fur which looked like a curled lion's mane. Marian pulled open the wardrobe door—neither the green coat nor Helga's black hat was there.

"She's taken her walking on this bitter day!" thought Marian. "She knows that she's never to take her walking. Perhaps she's taken her to some queer place in town." The voice of sanity spoke unheeded—Helga had never disobeyed.

"Where are they?" screamed Marian. She sat down at the telephone. She was too excited to remember a single number; her nervous hands tore a page of the new directory—the very page she needed.

She wasted a long time holding the edges together so that she could read Mrs. James' number. Most persons living in a suburb would write the numbers of their nearest neighbors on a pad, but Marian seldom telephoned her neighbors.

Mrs. James had a large family of children who were always having this or that childish and contagious ailment. They had them lightly and were careless about quarantine—Elaine was forbidden to play with them.

"You understand," Marian had said to Mrs. James, "She's all I have."

"I understand," Mrs. James had answered good-naturedly.

Now Mrs. James was horrified by Marian's tone. "No, I haven't seen either of them. You're not really frightened, are you?"

"Of course I'm frightened!"

"Have you asked the station agent whether your maid went to town?"

"She doesn't go to town in the train, she goes in the bus."

"Can't you reach her at her home?"

"She has no home. This is her home. I've done everything for her. She meets friends in town and goes to a film with them and comes back. She never stays overnight."

"And you don't know where her friends live?"

"No."

"Where's Mr. Hobart?"

"He was going up to Allentown

on a special business appointment. He didn't expect to get home till much later than usual."

"Have you called his office? He might easily have changed his plans and be there."

Without a good-bye Marian hung up the receiver. Mrs. James shook her head. "I'm glad I have six and not only one," she reflected. "I'm glad they're all roustabouts."

Marian tried to steady her voice. "This is Mrs. Hobart. Did Mr. Hobart go to Allentown?"

"Yes, he did. He'll be back on the six-thirty train. He meant to go straight home from the station—he ought to be there by seven."

Marian hung up the receiver. "What next?" she asked herself. She climbed to the attic and descended to the basement. She went again to the telephone. "I want the police!" screamed Marian.

"Yes, madam!" came the instant response.

"My little girl is gone! And my maid!"

The operator was startled into asking a question. "Don't you think the maid has taken the little girl for a walk?"

"She's not supposed to. My little girl isn't supposed to be out late in the day in this weather. They've been gone a long time. I can't get any trace of them."

"I'll give you the State police."

Again the response was immediate.

"Yes, madam."

"My little girl has disappeared."

"What is your name?"

"Mrs. Philip Hobart."



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Radio programmes come and go, but some just continue to grow in popularity.

That is why 2GB has arranged for the reappearance of Donald Novis, young American tenor, and the extension of the "Doctor Mac" feature from two to four nights a week.

DONALD NOVIS, whose artistry places him in the front rank of American tenors, achieved success suddenly.

Torn between music and athletics, he won first prize in a contest for outstanding voices, and in a flash his standing in musical circles was assured.

After successes on the stage, concert platform, and the screen, radio claimed him, and soon his programme, "The Romance of Music," was heard throughout America. Later it was transcribed and Australia heard him for the first time.

A number of factors have contributed to the success of "The Romance of Music." Apart from the voice of Novis, there is his wide repertoire of songs that extend from lovely old melodies of Handel to the sweeter ballads of yesterday and to-day.

There is also the violin playing of Jan Rubini, well known to Australian audiences, and finally the narrative by Barton Browne, who introduces each number with a story of the composer and of its composition. Donald Novis will be heard once more from 2GB at 9.15 every Thursday night.

The extension of "Doctor Mac" to four nights a week is a tribute to one of the most lovable personalities in radio to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 21.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 22.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talmud.

FRIDAY, January 23.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, January 24.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, January 25.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, January 26.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, January 27.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.



ERIKA, who is always on the lookout for something young and gay, created this dashing glengarry and scarf in brilliant red, green, and yellow plaid.

wouldn't think of that, lady! I'll ride round the neighborhood."

"You go with him, Mrs. Hobart," suggested Mrs. James. "I'll stay here till you come back."

Marian stepped into the sidecar. Mrs. James crossed the porch and laid her own coat on Marian's knees. "You're sure she isn't coasting?" asked the officer.

"Oh, never!" cried Marian. The officer descended the steep incline and up the opposite hill. They bumped and swayed over the frozen ground, Marian's face tense with anxiety. When the officer stepped down to look into a little ravine she folded her arms in an effort to stop the quivering of her frame.

"She's not there, lady; she couldn't be there. A husky Swede isn't going to let a little girl fall into a ravine, let alone herself. Why, the Swedes are native to snow, as fishes are native to water. Look over there, lady!"

Marian looked across the next hill. She became aware of peals of laughter and shouting. Small sleds and medium-sized sleds and bobsleds sped down; at the side men and women and children toiled up. An officer shouted directions. "Careful, kids! Out of the way now! Ready, boys and girls, give her a push."

Please turn to page 32

£5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME TICKETS

ON SALE from JAN. 20

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents, and our Headquarters, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

OR IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY

To the Secretary,
RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 65 CC, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available on January 20th.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.

Books of 6 tks. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).

Books of 12 tks. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me tickets in the Dream Home

..... books of 6 tickets

..... books of 12 tickets

for which I enclose shillings

Name

Address

State

I enclose a 2d. stamp for my tickets, to help the Red Cross.

Singing the songs
the whole world
loves!

DONALD NOVIS
— in —
"The Romance of Music"

Thurs. 9.15 p.m.
2GB

SUNDAY NIGHT at 8
(Jan. 25)

"EYES OF YOUTH"

Starring **QUEENIE ASHTON**

2GB

Simple menus for OUTDOOR MEALS

• You can't go afar, but make the most of the pleasant spots near your home or job. Eat your lunch outside; pack the evening meal occasionally; serve family buffets in the garden.

CHOOSE your outdoor menus carefully. Foods, moist but not too moist, seasoned but not thirst-provoking, light but not crumbly, easy to serve and handle. And well balanced off with fruits and salad vegetables.

Here are some suggestions for salads and other recipes for the wayside:

PICNIC SALAD SUGGESTIONS

(1) Hard-boiled eggs coated with creamed salmon, crumbed, deep fried, and served cold with lettuce and celery.

(2) Chopped hard-boiled eggs with anchovy cream sauce, shaped into rissoles, crumbed, deep fried, and served cold with radishes and eschalois.

(3) Diced cooked potatoes, peas and minced radishes, bound with mayonnaise; place in lettuce leaves, roll, and secure with cocktail sticks. Chill before packing in the picnic basket.

(4) Minced ham, lamb, eschalois with green peas and diced new potatoes with mayonnaise and chilled in orange cases. Pack with salad greens.

(5) Sweet corn and chopped hard-boiled eggs in well-drained and seasoned tomato cases. Cover with top of tomato. Serve with salad greens and pack forks for serving.

MOULDED LAMB AND PINE-APPLE

Two cups minced cooked lamb; 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup water or stock, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, pepper and salt, pinch nutmeg.

Simmer the pineapple, juice and stock or water for 10 minutes. Stir in the vinegar, onion, parsley and lamb. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water and stir in. Season to taste. Chill until set in small individual greased moulds or picnic cartons or in a larger mould. Pack and serve with salad vegetables.

PICNIC CUTLETS

Six lamb cutlets, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon salad oil, pepper and salt, egg and breadcrumbs.

Combine the lemon juice, mustard, sauce, onion, slowly add the salad oil; season to taste. Brush the trimmed cutlets with this mixture and stand for one hour. Dip in beaten egg and cover with crumbs; wrap in kitchen paper and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before packing with salad vegetables in the picnic basket.

HANANA CAKE WITH CHERRY LEMON FROSTING

Six ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2 bananas, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 6oz. sifted icing sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon



SIMPLE, SATISFYING AND EASILY-PREPARED kind of food for outdoor meals is pictured above. You see a cold meat loaf, crisp salad, bread and cheese, scones, cake and fruit.

By
MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly

lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cherries for garnishing.

Cream the butter and sugar well and slowly add the well-beaten eggs. Stir in the bananas, crushed with the lemon juice. Fold in the sifted flour and cook in a 1lb. cake tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 40 minutes. When cold cover with the creamed icing sugar, butter, lemon juice and rind, and garnish with cherries.

ORANGE CRUMB COFFEE CAKE

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 5oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons milk.

Topping: Two tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Cream the butter and sugar well and gradually beat in the whipped eggs. Add the orange rind and then the well-sifted flour and baking

powder alternately with the liquid. Place in cake tin and sprinkle with the combined topping ingredients. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes if in 2 bar tins or slab tin, or for 50 to 60 minutes if in a 5-inch cake tin or loaf tin.

SPICED GOOSEBERRY PIES

Spiced Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, chilled water.

Filling: One pint gooseberries, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar (or to taste), 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Make a syrup of the sugar and

water; add the prepared gooseberries and stew until just tender. Strain off the juice and thicken with blended arrowroot, simmering 3 minutes. Add to gooseberries and allow to cool. Sift the flour, baking powder, nutmeg and cinnamon. Rub in the butter and add the sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a fairly dry dough and roll thinly. Line patty tins with half the pastry, moisten edges and fill with stewed gooseberries. Cover with remaining pastry. Glaze with sugar and water and cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes.

SPICED APPLE COOKIES

Three-quarters cup grated apple, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 5oz. butter, 5oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Cream the butter, sugar, and golden syrup well. Add the beaten

egg and then the apple, lemon juice, and nuts. Fold in the well-sifted flour, crushed bicarbonate of soda, and spices. Cook in spoonfuls on a greased tray or in patty tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

SWEET CORN AND BACON PIES

Cheese Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sharp grated cheese, pinch cayenne, pinch salt, chilled water for mixing.

Filling: One and a half cups cooked sweet corn, 1 cup finely-chopped bacon, 1 cup white sauce, pepper and salt.

Sift the flour, salt, cayenne, and baking powder. Rub in the butter and add the cheese. Mix to a fairly dry dough with chilled water. Roll very thinly. Line small patty tins, cutting same number of rounds for topping. Sift small holes in centre of tops. Moisten edges and fill with mixture of corn, bacon, and sauce, well seasoned. Top with remaining pastry and trim edges. Brush with milk and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to become cold before packing.

Soothes hot Burning Feet

Relief in three short seconds with **Frostene**—magic new foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh—cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands.

To-day, these same healing unguents will soothe and cool your feet when hot summer days cause burning, stinging, aching and swelling.

See how soothing, cooling **Frostene** vanishes into your feet... feel how quickly it draws out all the fire and pain... feel how it eases inflamed congested tissues, reduces swelling. Enjoy the comfort and relief of cool refreshed invigorated feet.

Frostene deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat, too.

All chemists sell cool, magic-acting **Frostene** in good-size tubes... greaseless, stainless. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of **Oxley Compound**, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

THE officer asked: "You're sure she's not there?"

"How could she get there? Of course I'm sure. Why, she's only—" Marian's jaw dropped. She saw no one who looked familiar but she heard a sound which, while not quite natural, had some familiar tones. High above the masculine voices, shriller than the voice of any other child, with no sweet modulations, with no lovely deliberation, a voice shrieked in ecstatic imitation of other voices.

"Come on, now! Atta boy!" Marian saw a bobbed at the summit of the hill. It was filled with boys and men, except for a little creature in bright red in the middle. "Is that her?"

"Yes, it is," acknowledged Marian faintly. She saw also a green coat trimmed with fur like the curled yellow mane of a lion. Anger warmed her to the tips of her fingers and toes.

"Want to go over there?" Marian was listening to another voice—like Elaine's both familiar and unfamiliar. She had heard the voice this morning at breakfast, she would hear it again at dinner—Phil's voice. It was a long time since it had had this eager excited tone.

"Here we go! Sit tight! Ready!" Guided by Phil, the bobbed started slowly, accelerated its speed, plunged down the hill.

"Want to go over there?" inquired the officer again.

"No."

"The girl'll get her home all right."

"Her father's with her," explained Marian. "He must have changed his plans and come home early. I'm sorry to have put you to so much trouble."

The officer wheeled his motorcycle round. "No trouble. That's the way most of the scares turn out, lady. But you call us any time you need us—that's what we're here for."

In no time, he had Marian back home again.

Mrs. James opened the door, her

face hopeful. "She's surely safe somewhere."

Marian thanked the officer and went into the house. "She's over on the hill coasting with her father. He must have come home unexpectedly."

Mrs. James shed a few tears. "Oh, I'm so glad. Won't they have fun? My youngsters are all over there. I suppose Mr. Hobart told Helga she might go out as he was home. She'll turn up soon."

"She's there, too," said Marian. "I suppose she's not had any real coasting for a long time," went on Mrs. James. "You must get warm and I must go home."

"You've been very kind." Marian stood still in the centre of the hall. Her anger no longer warmed her, it congealed her blood. "He had no right to take her without asking me. I've been nearly dead with terror."

A voice answered. "He didn't mean you to come in and find her gone!" "She's mine," replied Marian's thoughts. "I brought her into the world."

The answer must have come from without, not from within; its language was not Marian's. "Nonsense! Cut it out!"

"Helga shall go this evening," Marian determined, unheeding. "I've made her what she is, poor peasant. I've trained her to be an accomplished servant. She owes everything to me. I"—Marian was interrupted by a sound, by many sounds—shouts of laughter, Helga's Elaine's, Phil's.

"Good-bye, Elaine!"—that was one



"How much longer are we going to wait for Mummy, Daddy?" "Not long now, Son. They're just taking the last hat out of the window."

of Mrs. James' youngsters. "Come out to-morrow, Elaine!"—that was another rough neighbor.

"I will!" shrieked Elaine. "Daddy's going to get me a sled!"

The coasters passed the dining-room window and stamped their feet on the mat. "I'll sweep you off with the broom," said Phil.

"I gotta key, Mister," cried Helga. "The kitchen door," thought Marian savagely. "Of course!"

Marian switched on the light, then she stepped back to her station. She saw for the first time an object conspicuously placed on an ottoman. Her mind strove to grasp its significance, but could not grasp even its identity. She knew only that it was out of its place.

"Helga will take off Elaine's wraps in the kitchen," she thought. "Phil will come in here." She clasped her hands. "I won't go to Elaine until I've spoken to Phil." She did not put into words the phrase that was in her heart—"lest my righteous anger dull."

She folded her arms and stood like a judge, hearing Phil push open the swinging door from the pantry into the dining-room. Elaine's laughter came with him, then it was cut off.

Phil stood between in the doorway. His face was crimson with cold, his eyes shone, he looked as he had looked on the distant hills of Maine. "Hello, darling!" he said. He took in slowly Marian's

Out of the Nest

Continued from page 30

folded arms and bright eyes. He straightened his tall shoulders and lifted his head.

"You shouldn't have"—seeing his motion, Marian tried to check the flow of her speech. She began sentences, did not remember what she intended to say, started again.

"Stop!" she bade herself but she could not stop; it was like staggering across a long distance to a certain crash at the end. "You shouldn't have... I came home and"—how horrible that Phil should look at her like that, as though he were a judge and she a culprit!

"I never thought"—with physical effort she tore her eyes from his; her glance dropped, as though it had substance, to the object lying on the ottoman—conspicuous, placed there to attract her attention, yet until this moment unseen. It was Phil's brief-case and on it lay a sheet of white paper. "It has writing on it," she thought. "He explained. But we can never go back. My life's over. I've destroyed my own happiness."

"You didn't see my note?" said Phil kindly. "You were frightened?" Phil continued to regard her, not moving from where he stood. "I don't know what to do," she thought. She remembered her upraised finger, so often cautioning quiet. She saw Elaine asleep in the beautiful room she and Phil and the architect had planned for Phil and herself. She saw the tiresome trained nurse, for so long the centre of their existence.

"I wish I could drop to the floor and creep away." Her thoughts, seeking occupation out of this moment and this presence, found Helen Fiske's brown and astonished eyes.

She lifted her gaze part way to Phil's. "I met Helen Fiske in the station. She's on her way to Palm Beach. Her train leaves at eight-thirty. She asked me to have dinner with her."

The answer is —

- 1—Supply.
- 2—25 years.
- 3—Milton. (In "Lycidas.")
- 4—Light two-wheeled vehicle used in India.
- 5—Plums.
- 6—The British capture of Tobruk.
- 7—Niger.
- 8—Ten shillings.
- 9—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Questions on page 2

Marian ceased to speak—still Phil regarded her. He looked frightened, she believed, not angry, as though he feared she were losing her mind. She had lost her mind but she had it back. The door from the pantry opened and Helga and Elaine came in. Helga turned on the dining-room light.

"Mummy!" cried Elaine with a rush. "I slid!"

"I quick set the table," stammered Helga nervously. "I quick put the steak on! Everything is quick ready!"

"I'm going back to town, Helga," said Marian. "I met an old friend and I'm going to have dinner with her. You give Elaine her supper and put her to bed." Elaine clutched her knees but Marian did not reach down to her. Nor did she look at Helga, though she was aware that delight paled Helga's cheeks. "Phil"—her eyes and her voice implored—"Phil, won't you come, too?"

"Of course!" said Phil, heartily.

"Glad to."

Marian continued to regard him. "Phil," she said and could say no more. What she said in her heart was this: "I love you better than I love anyone else in the world."

Phil smiled at her. He took three long steps and put his finger under her chin. "I wish you could see the slant of your hat!" he said lightly.

(Copyright)

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If you have any empty baby powder tins—either the old square type or the new round pack, please return them to your retailer. As a result of tinplate shortage the return of these tins is urgently required. If you give your retailer 3 tins in good condition, he will give you a beautiful full colour picture (illustrated) with our compliments. Will you help us?

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Try
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The tongue test says,

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Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? It ought not to be there. You feel it, others see it. It collects stains, makes teeth look dull. Get rid of it with **PEPSODENT** Toothpaste. Pepsodent (containing IRIUM*) floats film away, polishes teeth to new, lustrous brilliance. Get a tube of **PEPSODENT** now for teeth that feel brighter to you and look brighter to your friends.

* Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade name for PURIFIED ALKYL SULPHATE

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JOAN BELL

*pictured here
gives these . . .*

BEAUTY HINTS...

• This gorgeous picture was taken in the studio of The Australian Women's Weekly by Robert Cleland, and shows to what extent natural color photography has progressed in Australia.

ONE of our loveliest Australian girls, Joan believes in simple beauty care and color harmony in make-up.

"I make a special point of matching my lipstick, nail polish, and rouge," she says. "This costs no more, and looks so much better.

"I use mascara sparingly, and I apply

just a trace of blue eye-shadow to accentuate the color of my eyes.

"I take special care of my hair. I shampoo it weekly and give it a thorough brushing nightly.

"For the sake of my skin I always remove every trace of powder, cream, and lipstick before applying fresh make-up."



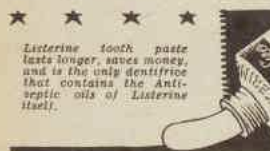
"Danny Dandruff" turns on the heat.

SCALP BURNING?

Burning dandruff itch means scalp infection! To get lasting relief, you must strike at the cause and kill the queer bottle-shaped dandruff germ.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

—the same antiseptic you've always used for oral hygiene and general home use—is the proved treatment for dandruff. It kills the germ and gets quick results. Douse it on and rub well in. Add a little olive oil if scalp is too dry. Instantly burning and itching stop, ugly scales disappear as if by magic, your scalp and hair are invigorated.



Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

STOP SURFERS' ITCH (TINEA)



Rexona's SIX special healing medicaments prevent infection and quickly correct skin troubles. Get a tin today.

1/7 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity 3/7)



O.22.22

Get busy now with spade and hoe in your KITCHEN GARDEN

Every scrap of food produced in the home garden in the coming winter will help to reduce household expenses—and maintain the family's health.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

NOW is the time to set out seedlings of cauliflowers, cabbage, lettuce, silver beet, or to sow seeds of carrots, parsnips, peas, beet, spinach, swede, white turnips, and a late lot of French beans.

In well-prepared beds the home gardener can also make sowings of celery, kohlrabi, leek, brussels sprouts, and potatoes.

For the cross-feeding crops, such as cabbage, cauliflowers, lettuce, beans, and potatoes, all the manure available should be added to the soil.

If the soil is light, use old cow manure; but if it is heavy use horse or sheep manure, and conserve every scrap of household rubbish in a compost pit.

All vegetable tops, leaves, spent flowers, dead plants, lawn trimmings, cardboard boxes, and other rubbish of a vegetable origin can be turned into useful manure by composting it.

Tip into a pit and cover each layer lightly with soil. For rapid decay, add lime or sulphate of ammonia.

As well, save all the water you can in this comparatively dry country.

Tanks, dams, home wells, and bora, clean barrels or drums should be placed where they can catch the life-giving moisture.

Root crops dislike fresh manure,



FOLLOW the simple advice given in this article and grow sweet, succulent vegetables like these in your own back garden.

therefore use land that was manured some months ago for heavy-feeding crops. Sow them now, thin out to 6 ins. for carrots, 9 ins. for parsnips and beetroot. Sow every week or two for successive crops.

Make use of fences for climbing peas, let chokoes climb trellises. Grow some potatoes in the biggest patch available.

Those white radishes in the picture are of the French Breakfast type, and are delicious.

They like the cool weather and grow quickly in soil that has been well treated with bone-dust and superphosphate, provided it is reasonably well endowed with vegetable matter.

Get the soil ready for onions, and don't sow the seed until March or April, or they will bolt and go to seed.

Any sandy loam, or medium clay-

loam of known fertility, will produce good onions, and the best keeping sorts are Hunter River Brown and White Spanish, Silver Skin, and the big Swedish and Globe types.

You can eat every scrap of kohlrabi, the tops as greens, the roots as turnips, but never let them grow bigger than billiard balls or they become very stringy and coarse flavoured.

Kohlrabi belongs to the cabbage family and needs similar treatment. Celery belongs to the bog plants, and thrives in light, peaty soil that is rich in nitrogen. It dislikes drought.

Sow the seeds in trenches, thin out to 9 ins. apart, apply liquid manure regularly, and when the plants are big enough wrap them round with brown paper collars to blanch them.

Lettuce needs to be well fed and well watered, or it becomes tough and bitter.

"Medico" Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I've had such a lot of giddy turns lately. Every now and again I feel quite dizzy and faint. This comes on at any time of the day and then after a few seconds passes away. Could you give me some cure for it?

DOCTOR: There is no immediate and specific cure for giddiness. A

About THAT DIZZY FEELING

dizzy feeling is not a disease in itself, but rather a request by the body for a medical overhaul.

It is a symptom of trouble. Defective eyesight may be the cause. In this case, proper glasses may solve the problem.

It may be the result of some abnormal ear condition. An accumulation of wax will often cause giddiness. Again, it is one of the symptoms of middle ear infection.

A giddy feeling may accompany biliousness and other digestive upsets.

It may be caused by anaemia or loss of blood—which interferes with the normal supply of blood to the brain.

Other causes: treatment

IN older persons, defective circulation may be responsible.

Again it may be the result of nervous exhaustion or brain fog. Overstrain of one's mental powers—especially if it is associated with worry or anxiety—is very likely to produce a "dizzy" feeling.

Treatment of dizziness will, of course, depend on its cause. Where nervous upset is the agent responsible, the only real treatment is complete rest for a period, free from anxieties.

Where anaemia is the cause, rest coupled with an abundance of iron-rich foods (liver, eggs, green leafy vegetables) will relieve the attacks.

A little more discretion in one's eating (and drinking) habits will remove much of the dizziness accompanying gastric disorders.

Well-balanced meals at regular intervals with an abundance of the

foundation foods—milk, dairy products, wholemeal cereal products, salad vegetables, meat and fresh fruit—are needed.

PROVED by Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



Clearly proved 4 advantages:

1. Up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Faster, safer "perming."
4. Keeps hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-film."
RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair is silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo—a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colinated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo.

1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe you get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

This Great Healing Oil Must Banish Eczema and Skin Troubles

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

That's the Plan on which Moore's Emerald Oil is sold to all who buy it for Skin Troubles.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Never mind what caused it—you've probably been, like a lot of other people, convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores, and the primary condition remains.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have discovered a sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d a shampoo)

FIGHTER PILOT



"Achtung! Achtung! . . . Spitfiren!" "Beware, Spitfires!" is the radioed cry of Nazi airmen to each other when the fighter pilots of the R.A.A.F. are on their tails. Peeling off from formation, screaming into action in a 400-miles-an-hour power dive, every machine gun trained on the "kill" . . . then the fierce burst of fire, and another Nazi plane hurtles earthward to destruction. ★ ★ ★ Every man in such a force deserves the best equipment that skill and money can give him.

Vicars Woollen Mills are working 24 hours a day. Each week the workers produce enough cloth to make service uniforms by the thousand — enough yarn for many thousands of sweaters — socks by the tens of thousands and nearly one hundred thousand woollen undershirts.

These production figures will be maintained. There will be no slackening till victory is won.

Every man and girl is giving the best that is in them, to see that the quality of production is kept worthy of the men who will wear this all-Australian material.

Well-paid Work Available

Well-paid work on jobs of national importance is available for woollen mill operatives.

Bright music all day makes time pass quickly. Tea is brought to each girl every morning and afternoon. Lunch at cost prices may be ordered at the canteen and delivered.

A fully trained matron is available for consultation free of charge. Intending operatives are invited to apply in person or by letter to John Vicars & Co. Pty. Ltd., 34 Victoria Road, Marrickville.

A pleasant garden spot makes attractive lunch-hour resting place for girls at Vicars Woollen Mills.



Vicars

W O O L L E N M I L L S



34 VICTORIA ROAD, MARRICKVILLE